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THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

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REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE
ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

JULY • 1943



LADY in WAITING

By JANE DARROW

A miniature ringed with diamonds, a doomed queen, and the dreams of a New England girl—all blended in a story based upon a true incident

IN HER small, neat room, with its simple pine furniture, hooked rugs, and hand-woven counterpane, Rosalind Clough stood dressed for Sunday service. She had only to tie her bonnet and cape and pick up her silk mitts. When she glanced out of her window, there was the river, a boat riding at the pier ready to carry the family across to the mainland and those calling church bells. Beyond lay the harbor with its masts. When she looked into her mirror, she could see a more intimate picture—a slim young girl with black, velvety eyes and a pensive expression.

At the moment, Rosalind was looking neither out of the window, nor into her mirror. She was intent on deciding in which receptacle the bouquet of snowdrops in her hand could be arranged to the best advantage—in Mother's silver lustre jug, or the Bohemian glass vase? Neither seemed sufficiently regal—but then there was nothing regal about snowdrops. They were merely proof that spring had begun, and they took their unaccustomed honor with simplicity. For to be set as a kind of votive offering on her bureau, close to the miniature of Queen Marie Antoinette, was, Rosalind felt, an honor which even roses should envy.

She bent down to study the proud, lovely face painted on ivory and rimmed with tiny diamonds. Father, on his most recent voyage to France, had picked the miniature up in Paris for a song. He thought it must once have belonged to some unfortunate noble who had been sent to the guillotine.

There were advantages in being a New England sea captain, in loading the good ship *Sally* with Maine pine and exchanging it for many kinds of goods which sold well in the new United States. Because he was an American, Father could buy what pleased him when in foreign ports. These days Frenchmen had to be cautious about making such purchases as the Queen's miniature. Radicals who called themselves red Jacobins were in control of the government, and good, dull-witted King Louis and Marie Antoinette, his fair Austrian wife, were being made to suffer for all the wrongs which an absolute monarchy had inflicted for hundreds of years on the common people. After every voyage, Father reported increasingly widespread and violent disorders.

Father himself had once been caught in a Paris mob, and then—Rosalind held her breath, remembering this—he had pushed up the grand staircase and into the very room where Queen Marie Antoinette stood, her arm thrown protectively around her little fair-haired son. The fat king had looked flustered and ready to cry, Father said, but the Queen was proud and calm, and the young princess had tried to imitate her mother's dignity.

Father's kind heart had ached for each one of them. But he sympathized, too, with the unhappy people of France in their struggle for a voice in their government. He was too good an American to question the value of the liberties his own countrymen had just fought for and died to win. And later, when an

DREAMING OF THE COMING OF THE QUEEN, ROSALIND OPENED THE ATTIC TREASURE CHEST AND FOUND SPANISH SHAWLS, RICH ROLLS OF CANTON SILK AND FRENCH BROCADE TO BEAUTIFY HER BEDROOM



Illustrated by BERT SHARKEY

unknown Frenchman had furtively offered to sell him the miniature, he recognized the portrait and bought it for his daughter.

When the Captain returned to Maine, his tales of Marie Antoinette had a quality of romance at once warm and remote. Rosalind, hearing them, worshipfully studying the miniature, had built for herself a dazzling dream. Adoringly she imagined the Queen in the days of her splendor, and the wonders of Versailles with its orangeries and playing fountains—and always she herself was present. Not, of course, the New England Rosalind Clough of Squam Island, but a beautiful young lady of the court, the Queen's lady-in-waiting and her chosen confidante. Even as a child, playing lady in grown-up clothes, she had had fun sweeping through imagined palaces, taffeta skirts looped and rustling, recklessly floured hair pulled up to absurd heights under the plumes of her mother's Sunday bonnet. This new dream seemed, subtly enough, to have grown out of that earlier childish play. But it was real enough to push her into studying French. Father had approved of that. She could help him, he thought, in his struggles with that perplexing tongue.

Now, in view of the most recent news from France, how could one help worrying? It had been a mistake for the royal family to try to escape from their country. Father had said. How humiliated they must feel—brought back to Paris and held prisoners in a dismal tower known as the Temple, where they were guarded night and day. The King would be tried for treason, and executed if condemned. In that case, wouldn't the queen be executed, too? The dangers and sorrows of Marie Antoinette seemed Rosalind's own pressing concern. It was almost as if she had really been one of those luckless palace attendants who had seen many of their friends dragged out and massacred in cold blood, their poor, frivolous heads carried through the streets on pikes by the shouting crowds. Father said that Marie Antoinette, glancing from a window, had

fainted when she saw the head of her dearest woman friend so flourished on a pike.

It could not be true, thought Rosalind now, that anyone so lovely as the portrait there in its glittering frame could have been heartless enough to purchase an almost priceless diamond necklace when the National Treasury was nearly empty and taxation a crushing burden on her people. Surely Marie Antoinette must be simple and kind, as well as beautiful, or she would never have built the little farm, with its mill and tiny lake and thatched barn where she liked to milk her own cows. And she would not have sent supplies to Washington's sick and ill-clad soldiers, nor have been gracious to Dr. Franklin, nor helpful to Lafayette.

As an accompaniment to these reflections, Rosalind tried the effect of the snowdrops in vase and jug—bunched or pulled out loosely. The vase with its ruby lights proved best—set behind the miniature, slightly to one side. That way the dainty flowers seemed leaning to look at the delicately painted face, at once so proud and so helpless.

Well, it was a waste of time wondering what new tragedies were happening in France, or what changes the *Sally* would find on arrival—for now that it was spring, Father's ship was being prepared for another voyage. The Captain had engaged a new bo'son, Joseph Decker, a young man the family had known from his boyhood. Before long Father, or even Joe Decker, might catch a glimpse of Marie Antoinette.

Joseph Decker, the big playmate of Rosalind's childhood, had run away to sea—but now he was back in Edgcombe, after a voyage around the Horn to China. Probably he wouldn't remember whittling for her the tiny model of Captain Jones's flagship which now stood on a shelf above her bedroom door. She was such a little girl then, no older than her brother Richard today. Father had told her interesting things about Joseph. He

had brought back with him from his long voyage a tame macaw named Hernando Cortez. In politics he wasn't a Federalist like Father and General Hamilton, he was a Democrat Republican like Mr. Jefferson.

It was Mitty Smith, Rosalind's chosen friend, who had learned that Joseph was coming to church today. Mitty had seen and talked with him.

"He inquired for your health."

"Did he? But, Mitty, I must still be just a little girl to him. Fifteen. And he's all of twenty-two."

"You won't be fifteen always," Mitty said wisely. "If he tries to converse, I wouldn't act up in the clouds, the way you do sometimes when you are making up stories about your precious Marie Antoinette. Anyway, Deacon Peters says the Queen reads novels in church—she hides them in a prayer book. And she plays cards for money on Sunday."

"Oh, stop!" Rosalind had cried indignantly. Up in the

clouds forsooth! As though one's best loyalties were a kind of kite, tugging against but anchored firmly to Mitty's New England shrewdness weighted with disapproval of all things French.

But about one thing Mitty had been right. Joseph Decker was in church that Sunday morning. Rosalind saw him at once as the Clough family filed into their pew. He came to her directly after service. Other girls were standing about the churchyard in visiting groups, but it was Rosalind he wanted to talk to, which was flattering.

Joseph was undeniably good looking in his blue serge suit. He didn't roll when he walked, the way some sailors do, yet anyone could tell he followed the sea. It was something about the steadiness of his eyes, which were gray. He had a nice wide smile that formed slowly as a wave does, with a flash of white at the finish, a clean jaw line, and dark hair which curled unless subdued sternly with a hairbrush. Rosalind was glad she had worn the cherry-colored bonnet with cream quilling, instead of her sage-green poke.

After a polite exchange about the sermon and the weather and the Sally's new coat of paint, Joseph said, "May I walk with you to the boat landing? I've a favor to ask."

Sauntering along under the budding trees, he explained about the favor. It was French lessons. Joseph wanted Rosalind to give him lessons in conversational French. Her friend, Miss Mitty Smith, had told him Rosalind spoke French like a native.

"Oh, but I don't!"

"Well," Joseph said cheerfully, "I guess you do sufficiently for my purpose. I've got the grammar and syntax and a pretty fair vocabulary of written words. You see, Rosalind, though I've been around the Horn, this is my first trip to Europe. When I'm in France, Paris especially, I want to form my own ideas about what's going on there. And how can I, unless I can parley with the natives?"

Rosalind said, "Of course I'll be glad to help



you all I can, but I'm afraid you'll find France in a dreadful state."

"That's natural, I guess, during a revolution. It's when things quiet down again that any benefits which come out of such changes show up. You're kind to help me out."

Rosalind stared out over the blue water thoughtfully. It was a new idea to her that so dreadful an upheaval as France was undergoing could have any aspect that wasn't deplorable. Hitherto she had seen the French Revolution only as though she herself stood at that palace window, looking out at all the cruelty and bloodshed. She had seen it with the eyes of a lady-in-waiting to the unhappy Queen. But being a Democrat Republican, Joseph Decker very probably saw it as Mr. Jefferson did, a deluge terrible in its devastation but cleansing, too, where this new idea of the rights of the common man rode safely through another tumult, the way Noah's ark had once ridden a drowning world. It was a big, a bewildering thought.

"And now about the lessons," Joseph said, smiling down at her. "Are three a week too many? The time is short."

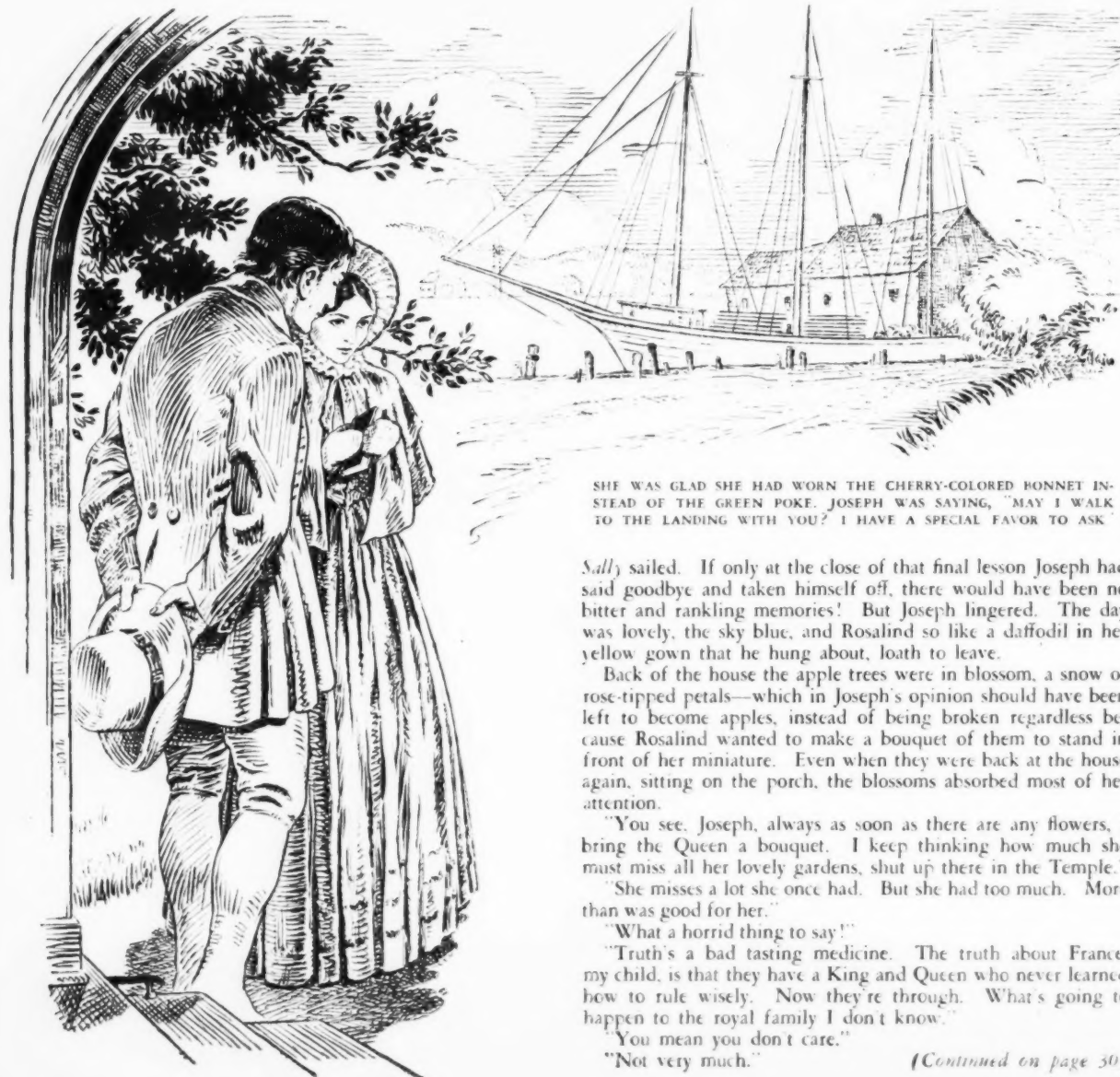
It was arranged that he should row over to the Captain's

house on Squam Island the very next day. In her new rôle as teacher, Rosalind hung out on the doorknocker a neatly lettered card announcing, "*Ici on parle Français.*" a bit of fun which helped wonderfully to get the first lesson off to a good start.

Mother had always liked Joseph, and before long he had completely won little Richard, who didn't remember him, by trusting him with the care of Hernando, the macaw. But he was disappointingly indifferent about the miniature of Marie Antoinette, when Rosalind pridefully showed it to him. And during several succeeding conversations, when she made interesting references to the Queen, Joseph seemed more concerned with the dull business of learning how to ask the way to the Cathedral of St. Denis in French, and the way to say "equality."

Aside from this regrettable blind spot, they saw eye to eye on a great many things. The desirability of changing the town's name of Pownalboro to Wiscasset, for instance, which in the Indian language had the appropriate and pleasing meaning, "Where three tides meet."

It was dreadful that, having got on so amiably, pupil and teacher should fall out and fail to make up, the day before the



SHE WAS GLAD SHE HAD WORN THE CHERRY-COLORED BONNET INSTEAD OF THE GREEN POKE. JOSEPH WAS SAYING, "MAY I WALK TO THE LANDING WITH YOU? I HAVE A SPECIAL FAVOR TO ASK."

Sally sailed. If only at the close of that final lesson Joseph had said goodbye and taken himself off, there would have been no bitter and rankling memories! But Joseph lingered. The day was lovely, the sky blue, and Rosalind so like a daffodil in her yellow gown that he hung about, loath to leave.

Back of the house the apple trees were in blossom, a snow of rose-tipped petals—which in Joseph's opinion should have been left to become apples, instead of being broken regardless because Rosalind wanted to make a bouquet of them to stand in front of her miniature. Even when they were back at the house again, sitting on the porch, the blossoms absorbed most of her attention.

"You see, Joseph, always as soon as there are any flowers, I bring the Queen a bouquet. I keep thinking how much she must miss all her lovely gardens, shut up there in the Temple."

"She misses a lot she once had. But she had too much. More than was good for her."

"What a horrid thing to say!"

"Truth's a bad tasting medicine. The truth about France, my child, is that they have a King and Queen who never learned how to rule wisely. Now they're through. What's going to happen to the royal family I don't know."

"You mean you don't care."

"Not very much."

(Continued on page 30)



PADEREWSKI ~ Pianist and Patriot

By ANTONI GRONOWICZ



ON a balmy June morning, in the year 1941, an old man with flowing, snow-white hair was walking slowly along Fifty-seventh Street in New York City. He had a firm step, and he held his shoulders and his head erect in spite of his more than eighty years, but he walked slowly so that his companion, a plump little gray-haired woman, could keep pace with him.

Immediately there was a murmur among the passers-by on that busy street. One stranger spoke a single word to another, and others caught it up. The word was "Paderewski." Paderewski—for the old man with the majestic walk and the smiling countenance was Ignacy Paderewski, and his companion was his sister, Antonina Paderewski-Wilkonski. They had just left their home in the Hotel Buckingham to take their usual morning stroll along Fifty-seventh Street, up Fifth Avenue to Central Park.

Paderewski—people said the name easily. There was no stammering over unaccustomed syllables, and no uncertainty. It was spoken as glibly as a household word, as indeed it is. Everyone in the civilized world knows the name of Paderewski and everyone, surely, knows the gentle lines of the famous pianist's face and the kindliness that beamed in his eyes.

No wonder that middle-aged people who paused to look at the old man on his morning walk smiled reminiscently and recalled the first time they had seen and heard the renowned musician. "I heard him in New York in 1891," said one, and another recalled that he had heard Paderewski in Australia. Several had heard him in London, several in Berlin, in Vienna, in San Francisco—indeed, there are few cities in the world where people

About the great man of Poland into whose life was woven the warp of music and the woof of a deathless patriotism

could not have heard Ignacy Paderewski play the piano. No wonder that young people, frankly delighted with the privilege of seeing Mr. Paderewski, smiled a little ruefully as they walked on, for they knew that it might never be their privilege to attend a concert given by the famous Polish pianist. He was too old, they said to themselves or to their companions, to give a concert now; or if not too old—for it was easy to see that the fire of genius still

glowed in his eyes—then he was too ill. Despite his erect carriage and the firmness of his step, the great musician looked fragile.

In a few short weeks after that summer morning, Ignacy Paderewski's life journey was over. It had been an adventurous course, one that had never been charted before by any musician. It had had many turnings and many blind alleys of disappointment and sorrow, but every twist and bend in the road had led him to one exceedingly lofty pinnacle of great success and unsurpassed renown. It had been a strange journey, started in a humble cottage in the muddy village of Kurylowka in Poland, in the year 1860, and ended in the Hotel Buckingham in New York in June, 1941. In making his life's journey, Mr. Paderewski traveled over four hundred thousand miles and gave at least two thousand concerts. He voyaged over the seven seas; he lived in humble boardinghouses, in luxurious hotels, and in the palaces of kings and queens; and to each home he brought grace and beauty and the rare treasure of music interpretation.

When the full record of Ignacy Paderewski's life is written, its two dominating themes will surely glow like jewels. He was a great artist and he gave his talent generously, with very little



THE WHOLE WORLD KNEW THAT LEONINE HEAD

Stop Hitler, before he masters the Atlantic

thought for himself; he was an ardent patriot, and from his earliest youth he strove with unabating diligence to help bring about the freedom of his beloved motherland, Poland.

The unquenchable fire of patriotism leaped up in him when he was no more than a baby. He and his sister, Antonina, were playing in the garden of their home one day when a party of Cossacks rode up to their door and dismounted. Some entered the house, while others stood guard outside. The two frightened children crept close to the door and watched. Antonina, for she was six years old, knew the meaning of the startled exclamations and the rush of hurrying footsteps that emanated from the house. In a few minutes the Czarist soldiers came out leading Jan Paderewski, the children's father. Before Antonina could stop him, little Ignacy rushed forward and cried to one of the soldiers, "What are you going to do to my father?" The soldier laughed and struck the boy. In that moment of grief and anger, Ignacy Paderewski became a patriot. The resolution was formed then, in the mind of the child, that was to be strong in him throughout his life, "Poland must be free."

At this time Poland was divided into three parts, governed respectively by Russia, Austria, and Germany. The reason for Jan Paderewski's arrest was that he had been working with a group of Polish patriots who were trying to bring about their country's liberation from Czarist Russia. This had been discovered and, while his children and his friends watched, he was dragged away to serve a prison term.

After watching their father disappear with his captors, the children, Ignacy and Antonina, turned back to find their home in flames. Their mother had died when Ignacy was a baby, and

now they had no father to look after them and no home to shelter them. Forty years later, Ignacy was to record this tragedy in his symphony, *B Minor: Opus 24*.

Until their father was released, the two youngsters lived with their aunt. Afterward they went with their father and stepmother to live on the estate of Count Tyszkiewicz in Sudytkow, in the Wolyn district of Poland. Their father had become the Count's estate manager, and there in this rich and beautiful country the two Paderewski children had a happy childhood, even though, on many occasions, they had to see the Cossacks ride past their door.

It was a colorful and fertile country, this undulating land of Wolyn. Its soil was deep and black and fertile, and its meadows, bordered by innumerable hedges of azaleas, were lush and green. But not all green, for poppies and marigolds blossomed in great profusion. There was a forest, too, gloomy and dark and fascinating, and over all the country, from spring to autumn, there was the rich and heady fragrance of growing things and the music of living creatures. Bluebottles zipped and zoomed through the still summer afternoons, and at twilight the nightingales sang on the edge of the forest.

It was a beautiful world the Paderewski children entered when their father took them to Sudytkow, a world of kindness, of privilege, and of new friends. Ignacy had one special friend, who was his sole companion on many country journeys; together the two ventured into the dark forest and rode along its narrow aisles of trees. Sometimes a wild dog would leap out at them, and occasionally a timber wolf would glare and growl, but young Ignacy had no fear. He had complete confidence in his friend's ability to protect him, for this friend was a stalwart horse called Siwek. Once, so the boy told his sister proudly, Siwek seized a daring wild dog and flung it from the path into

J. Paderewski

A SAMPLE OF THE MUSICIAN'S WRITING — EXPRESSING HIS FEELING ABOUT THE "NEW ORDER"

a heap of underbrush. On another occasion Siwek boldly defied a mad bull that attempted to assail them when they were taking a swift canter over a country road.

Periodically Ignacy carried a pocket full of cookies to his friend, and while Siwek munched the tasty tidbits the boy poured the tale of his great ambition into the horse's ears. He told him that he wanted to become a composer of music, and that he wanted to give concerts in many large cities. One day, when he was twelve years old, Ignacy had very interesting news for Siwek.

"I'm going away, Siwek," he said breathlessly, "I'm going to Kiev. The Baron Horoch is going to take me. I shall hear music, wonderful music. I shall go to the opera and to the theater."

Perhaps this news prepared Siwek somewhat for the more startling information that came soon after Ignacy's return from Kiev. It was that the boy was going away for a long time. He was going to Warsaw to attend the conservatory. He was to study in the same school where Chopin had studied. It was all arranged—everything. Baron Horoch and Count Chodkiewicz, who had heard him play and had received glowing reports of his talent from his teacher, had agreed to help his father pay his expenses.



ABOVE: PADEREWSKI AT TWELVE, BEFORE HIS TRIP TO KIEV TO HEAR THE OPERA AND GO TO THE THEATRE FOR THE FIRST TIME

RIGHT: EMBROIDERED HOLIDAY COSTUMES WORN BY PEASANTS OF THE PROVINCE OF PODOLE IN POLAND, WHERE PADEREWSKI FIRST SAW THE LIGHT IN 1860

BELOW: TWO TYPICAL POLISH SCENES. LEFT: A VIEW OF THE TATRA MOUNTAINS. RIGHT: TWO PEASANT WOMEN SPREADING FLAX



"But I'll never forget you, never," Ignacy whispered to the horse in farewell. "Every time I come home on holidays, we'll take long rides, Siwek."

Hope and ambition were like twin flames burning in Ignacy Paderewski as he set off for the stately old capital of his native land. He was to study composition and piano technique—or so he thought when he registered for classes. The director of the conservatory had a different idea, however. He assigned the boy to a place in the orchestra and commanded him to play the trombone. Ignacy was disdainful. He was given another wind instrument, but this did nothing to alleviate his scorn. Soon the director, Apolinary Kontski, lost patience with the "young upstart" from Sudylkow, and wrathfully told him so. He must do as he was told, or else—. The threat was ominous, but Ignacy was resolute. No wind instruments for him! The result was expulsion from the conservatory. Days of chagrin and misery followed, but at last Ignacy's friend, Edward Kerntopf, came to his rescue.

From the time of his arrival in Warsaw, young Paderewski had boarded with the Kerntopf family. Mr. Kerntopf, senior, who was a manufacturer of pianos, had from the first expressed delight in the boy's ability to interpret music on the piano. Frequently and with great enthusiasm, Mr. Kerntopf had said he was confident that Ignacy would become a renowned pianist. "He has not a gift merely, but genius," he told visitors to his home, and now his son, Edward, decided to embody his father's opinion in a letter of apology which he would write on Ignacy's behalf to the wrathful director, Kontski. The letter was written and, to Ignacy's astonishment and Edward's satisfaction, it

achieved two things—the boy's recall to the conservatory and permission to study the piano. No more wind instruments!

Ignacy Paderewski returned to the conservatory with even more ambition burning in him. He had to prove to Director Kontski that he, Ignacy, had been right and that Mr. Kerntopf and Edward had not misplaced their confidence.

While he lived with the Kerntopfs he met many famous musicians, for their home was something of a centre for artistic talent. He met Hans von Bülow, Kazimierz Hofmann, Leschetizky, and many others. Perhaps the most important friendship he made, while he was attending the conservatory, was with Helena Modjeska, the Shakespearean actress, who a few years later (*Continued on page 40*)



"WHAT IT IS TO BE YOUNG AND FEEL NO BURDEN OF RESPONSIBILITY," HE SAID OUT LOUD

Illustrated by LESLIE TURNER

L·O·F·T·Y·'S I·N·C·I·D·E·N·T

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

YOUNG persons of less enthusiasm and ingenuity than Bushy Ryder might have been bored by the prospects of this summer which was like no other summer at the shore. But Bushy had always had within herself more resources than her elders and supposed betters—that exclusive group officially known as the Offshore Club. These young ladies and gentlemen found themselves singularly restricted. No lights allowed in the boathouse at night; no sailing permitted outside the first buoy, a course so limited that it was hardly worth while to put the Snipes in commission at all; no gasoline for the cars that had managed to make the trip from town; cottages with seaward windows blacked-out every evening; the supply of ginger ale and chocolate bars distinctly curtailed. Some of the Offshore members had summer jobs on farms, or in town, and weren't at the shore at all. Some of the girls worked diligently in the tiny local Red Cross chapter.

Edward Lofting Ryder couldn't roll bandages, nor could he knit. He paced the skid at the boathouse like a lost dog.

"Seems to me you're neither useful nor ornamental," his sister told him rather sharply.

She was inspecting her little boat, that disreputable tub which she called a sea-sled, and to which Lofty coldly referred as the "Wreck of the Hesperus." No gasoline for its eccentric out-board motor this season, but it could always be rowed. Indeed, even in bygone days when gasoline flowed like milk and honey, Bushy very often had been forced to propel it by means of oars and her own willing arms. The motor had never been a wholly dependable source of motive power.

"Want to come out with me in the sea-sled?" she inquired now magnanimously.

"I see no particular pleasure nor profit in paddling around the inner harbor in that waterlogged washtub," Lofty replied.

"All right, if that's the way you feel about it!" said Bushy, throwing the stern-painter aboard and stepping into her craft with a lurch. "Thought you might welcome almost anything to break the hideous monotony of your existence."

Lofty's enthusiasm for his new Junior Air Raid Warden duties overflows, and a summer community is frightened half to death as the result

"I suppose you are on your way to Sandy Island to collect starfish, or some such infantile occupation," Lofty observed.

"Hadn't thought of it," said Bushy, "though it sounds mighty pleasant. Are you just going to wear out the skid by tramping up and down on it?"

"No, no!" cried Lofty. "I'm merely formulating in my mind the details of an important idea which has come to me. Soon I shall be up to my ears in vital employment. As a matter of fact, I'm off now to interview Mr. Timkin."

"The postmaster?" asked Bushy. "Why? He doesn't need an assistant, does he, to sort out the three letters and sixteen postal cards per day?"

"Mr. Timkin is now engaged in other capacities besides those of postmaster," Lofty informed her, raising his voice somewhat to reach her, as she was now pulling away from the skid. He received no answer. "What it is to be young and feel no burden of responsibility," he mused aloud, watching Bushy light-heartedly propelling her boat in the general direction of Sandy Island. "Don't let the Coast Guard arrest you!" he bawled after her as a parting shot. Then he started up the sandy road that led to Mr. Timkin's general store, which also housed the post office.

WHEN Bushy returned to her home at noon, salty, hungry, and with a new layer of sunburn, she was appalled to see her brother groping his way cautiously around the side of the piazza. His eyes were tightly closed and his face bore an expression of strained concentration. He tripped over the raintrough, uttered a sound of irritation, opened one eye, and made an entry in a small new notebook. Then he proceeded on his hesitant way around the corner of the house. Bushy stared after him in unconcealed amazement.

"Need any help?" she called at last. "Have you gone sun-blind or something?"

Lofty spun around and glared at her with annoyance. "By no means," he said. "I am merely familiarizing myself with the terrain."

"You're what?" Bushy demanded. "Looks to me as if you needed a Seeing Eye dog."

Lofty silently contemplated the row of beach boulders that marked the edge of the driveway, and made a further notation in his little book.

"Is it to be a treasure hunt?" Bushy inquired. "Say, you know, that would be fun! Why don't you get one up? Or is that what you are doing?"

The idea appealed to Lofty immensely. As secretary and master of ceremonies for the Offshore Club, he could reap much glory by organizing such an entertainment this dull summer. He was annoyed that he had not thought of it himself, but he could not bring himself to admit to his sister that her suggestion was a good one.

"My purpose," he replied, "is much more important than the planning of a childish amusement. These are serious times, Beatrice."

"I've noticed the fact myself," said Bushy. "I'm also aware that it's lunchtime."

Lofty shut his book with a snap, and displayed sudden completely human interest in his sister's last remark. Together they tramped into the living room of the cottage. Mrs. Ryder, somewhat harassed by the problems of point-rationing in the village store, welcomed her children abstractedly over the lunch table.

"Been busy and happy?" she murmured. "I'll want you after lunch, Lofty, with the big basket. There'll be quite a load of things, if I can find what I need in the village." She waited in vain for an assent, and then said rather sharply, "Edward! I wish you wouldn't write at the table! Is it necessary? Did you hear what I asked you?"

Lofty took his nose out of his notebook and looked important. "Sorry, Mother," he said. "My time is vitally engaged on an assignment this afternoon. Bushy will help you carry the stuff. Do her good to aid constructively in the war effort."

Mrs. Ryder, receiving no further explanation from her son, looked inquiringly at her daughter.

"I don't know what he's doing," Bushy said. "Looked to me as if he was playing blindman's-buff with the leader pipes. It's just that he's hard up for occupation this summer."

"In due time," said Lofty, "I shall acquaint you with my true purpose, and you will writhe with apologetic mortification."

"Goodness!" cried Bushy, hastily swallowing the last of her gingerbread. "When he gets to talking like that, I'm leaving!"

"Don't forget the trip to the village!" her mother called after her. But Bushy didn't forget. She was really quite dependable.

When she and Mrs. Ryder returned, much later, from a prolonged struggle with the marketing, the telephone was ringing. Mrs. Ryder dropped her parcels to answer it, and came back to the piazza with a grave and puzzled face.

"I simply can't understand it," she said, a worried line showing in her forehead. "Oh, here comes Lofty now! Edward! I wish to speak to you at once!"

Bushy, awed by a tone of voice her mother seldom used, retired to the Gloucester hammock as Lofty came up the steps.

"I've just had a telephone call from Mrs. Spofford," began Mrs. Ryder. "Edward, she said that you were snooping around their yard this afternoon, poking into everything, and writing in a notebook. She says you took the hose out of the garage and screwed it to the hose bib, and that you moved all the garden chairs back against the fence. She says—"

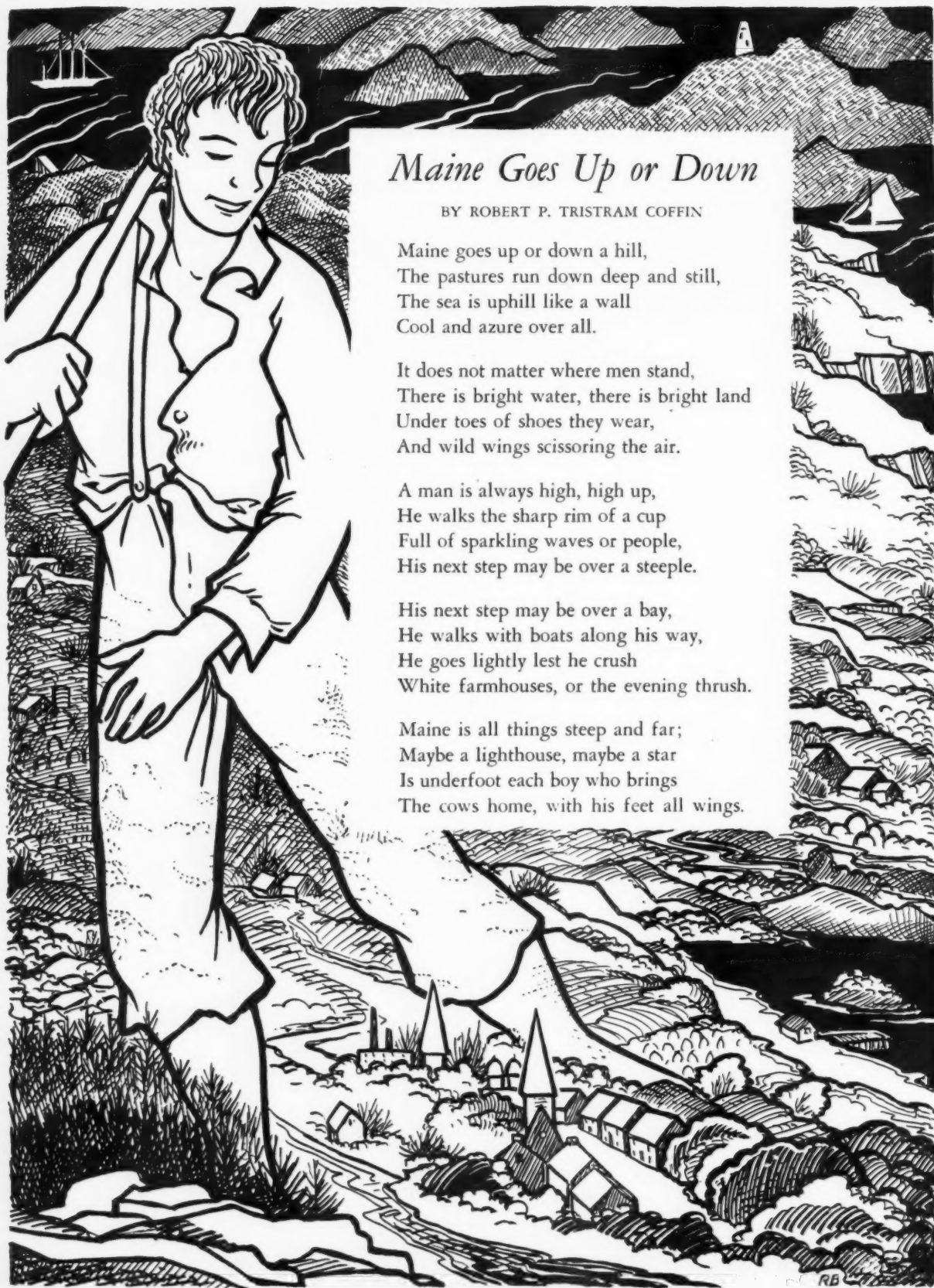
"But, Mother," exploded Lofty, cutting in, "she wouldn't listen to me! I tried to explain. She simply kept shrieking that this was still a free country."

"As well she might," said Mrs. Ryder severely. "I don't know what this game you're playing is, Edward—is it some sort of initiation, or something? But I want you to go straight over to Mrs. Spofford at once, and apologize." (Continued on page 35)



Lofty
Time

MRS. SPOFFORD WOULDN'T LISTEN, BUT KEPT SHRIEKING AT LOFTY THAT, AFTER ALL, THIS WAS STILL A FREE COUNTRY



Maine Goes Up or Down

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Maine goes up or down a hill,
The pastures run down deep and still,
The sea is uphill like a wall
Cool and azure over all.

It does not matter where men stand,
There is bright water, there is bright land
Under toes of shoes they wear,
And wild wings scissoring the air.

A man is always high, high up,
He walks the sharp rim of a cup
Full of sparkling waves or people,
His next step may be over a steeple.

His next step may be over a bay,
He walks with boats along his way,
He goes lightly lest he crush
White farmhouses, or the evening thrush.

Maine is all things steep and far;
Maybe a lighthouse, maybe a star
Is underfoot each boy who brings
The cows home, with his feet all wings.

Decoration by RICHARD BENNETT

SALADS FOR STARS



A SALAD OF PEACHES AND COTTAGE CHEESE FOR JUDY GARLAND



By HELEN GRIGSBY DOSS

Keep these salad recipes in a safe place—they'll be worth a lot to you as suggestions for variety in Victory garden meals

utensils very cold while you are preparing it) can be bought almost anywhere; there is a preparation on the market, too, which helps in whipping thin cream; and if you haven't sour cream, you can always add a little lemon juice or vinegar to sweet light cream, to sour it.

BOSTON may be noted for baked beans, New Orleans may be justly proud of her Creole dishes, the deep South may have no equal in the realm of hot breads and fried chicken—but if you want to talk about salads, let California walk to the front and take a bow.

In the sunny Southwest, where fresh fruits and vegetables fill the open-air markets the year around, the salad has really come into its own. California cooks are not content to put a sweet dab of something or other on a leaf of lettuce and call it a salad. To Californians, salad may be a crisp, tart combination of raw fruits or vegetables served as an appetizer before the main course; or, especially at informal buffet suppers, it may be hearty enough to be the main course itself. On the other hand, the salad may be fruity and on the sweet side, making a combination of salad-dessert which is especially popular for party luncheons. Of course there are health reasons for giving a bigger share of the menu over to vitamin-rich salads, but most Californians eat lots of them simply because they can be made so delicious.

In these days when olive oil and most canned fruits and vegetables are rationed, the preparation of salads takes some thought and some anxious counting of ration coupons. However, boiled salad dressing made with sour cream instead of oil is a gastronomic treat—and prepared mayonnaise is unrationed; and for fruit salads, a whipped-cream dressing is unsurpassed. At this point, of course, you are saying, "But we can't get cream!" and we hasten to assure you, "Yes, you can!" Sour cream, and light cream (perfectly good for whipping if you have the cream itself and all your

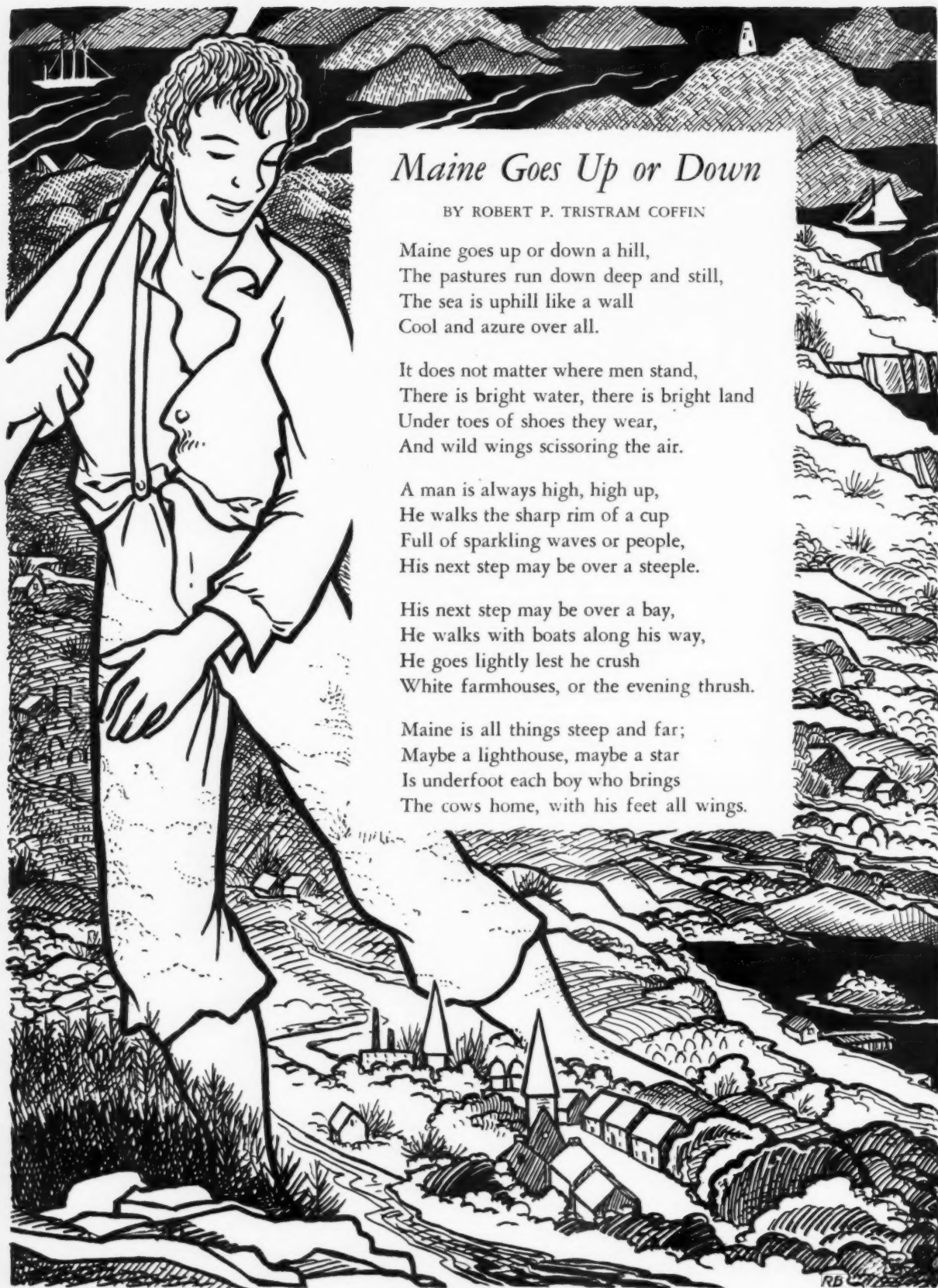
And why use canned fruits and vegetables anyway, unless they're part of your home-canned stock? There are fresh ones in the market, and fresh vegetables—at least, we hope so—from your own Victory Garden. Use these for salads, cooked or raw, as the case may be. You couldn't have anything better—and salads provide a thrifty way to make use of leftovers, too, in times like these when it is so important to conserve food.

A GOOD salad needs a good salad dressing to complement it, so here are four recipes which you will want to try, two using cream or milk instead of oil, and two using olive oil.

BOILED DRESSING

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------------|
| 3/4 cup milk | 1 teaspoon mustard |
| 2 tablespoons flour | Few grains cayenne pepper |
| 1 tablespoon sugar | 2 egg yolks |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 2 tablespoons butter |
| | 1/4 cup mild vinegar |

Put milk in the top of the double boiler to scald. While milk heats, mix flour, sugar, salt, and seasonings together in a bowl. Pour hot milk on dry ingredients slowly, stirring until smooth. Return all to double boiler and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture is thickened and smooth. Continue cooking, stirring occasionally, ten minutes longer. While the mixture cooks, beat egg yolks and measure butter and vinegar. Stir hot mixture slowly into egg yolks, return the mixture to the double boiler and cook two minutes longer, adding the but-



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1 teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons butter

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ter in small amounts and stirring in until well blended. Add vinegar slowly, stirring it in gradually to prevent curdling. As soon as the vinegar is added, remove from the stove and turn out into a bowl. If thinning is necessary, add cream, sweet or sour.

WHIPPED CREAM DRESSING

(for fruit salads)

½ cup whipping cream 2 tablespoons lemon juice
Salt and pepper

Beat the cream until it thickens; then stir in seasonings and lemon juice gradually.

FRENCH DRESSING

1 clove garlic, peeled ½ teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt 1 tablespoon catsup
1 cup salad oil Dash pepper
1/3 cup vinegar Dash paprika (if desired)

Combine all ingredients (except garlic) and beat with a beater until thoroughly blended. Add the garlic clove and let stand in the refrigerated dressing for at least half a day, so that the flavors blend.

If you like a stronger garlic flavor, mince the garlic clove or bud, and mash into the salt in your mixing bowl. Then add the rest of the ingredients and beat.

You may vary this basic recipe in many ways. For a fruit salad dressing you might use this variation:

FRUIT FRENCH DRESSING

¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup salad oil
¼ cup orange juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon honey

Beat and chill before using.

For other variations of the plain French dressing you may add a dash of Tabasco or Worcestershire type sauce, a pinch of dry mustard, minced ripe olives, a tiny bit of horse-radish, or some crumbled Roquefort cheese. Starting with the basic recipe, experiment with these variations until you find the combination you like best.

SOME of the most loyal salad fans are Hollywood's moving-picture stars, and some of their favorite recipes will make you salad fans, also. Take, for instance, Deanna Durbin's recipe for *California Salad Bowl*. It has crisp, torn lettuce, red tomato wedges, thinly sliced celery, and tender spring onions. What will really win your praise, though, is the addition of pale green avocado slices. This mellow, buttery-meated fruit, often called alligator pear in the East, is a favorite salad ingredient on the West Coast.

CALIFORNIA SALAD BOWL

1 head lettuce 1 avocado
3 tomatoes 2 stalks celery
3 spring onions French dressing (about ½ cup)

Tear lettuce into bite-sized pieces, and put into salad bowl. Add onions and celery, which have been thinly sliced. Skin tomatoes, remove stem cores, and slice in wedges. Cut avocado into lengthwise halves, remove the large seed, then peel the halves and cut into crescent-shaped slices. Add the tomatoes and avocado slices to the salad bowl, pour over enough French dressing to moisten, and toss lightly.

To remove skins from tomatoes, dip them into boiling water,



RIGHT: VIRGINIA WEIDLER SMILES OVER HER FAVORITE SALAD—PICKLES AND PEAS, PEANUTS AND CHEESE. GOOD, TOO!



LEFT: BONITA GRANVILLE HAS A SATISFYING LUNCH SERVED WITH ICED TOMATO JUICE. THE SALAD IS CALLED CALIFORNIA HODGE-PODGE



RIGHT: DEANNA DURBIN MIXES FRENCH DRESSING FOR HER OWN REFRESHING CALIFORNIA SALAD BOWL

or spear them with a kitchen fork and turn them over a flame until the skin "pops." You will want to do this an hour or more before mealtime, so you can put the skinned tomatoes back into the refrigerator to chill. One of the secrets for a successful salad is to have all your ingredients cold and perky.

If you have no avocado, you might substitute a diced cucumber, or shrimps, or flaked crabmeat. This recipe will give six generous servings.

Deanna's second recipe is unusual, easy, and good. It is a jellied salad with the tang of apple cider, and has apple cubes and California walnuts in it. Although this salad is particularly appropriate for Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving, and other festive autumn dinners, you will probably want to serve it almost any time of the year.

DEANNA'S APPLE CIDER SALAD

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| 1 envelope plain gelatin | 2 tablespoons lemon juice |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cold apple cider | Pinch of salt |
| 1 cup hot apple cider | 6 tablespoons coarsely chopped walnuts |
| 1 or 2 large red apples | |
| 1 tablespoon sugar | |

Stir part of your cold apple cider into the powdered gelatin, which has been put in a bowl. Let stand until gelatin absorbs the liquid and swells up. Then add your hot apple cider and stir until it is all dissolved. Add the sugar, salt, lemon juice, and the rest of the cold cider, and set the jelly aside to cool.

When cold, pour into six individual molds which have been rinsed in cold water, or one large one. (Or mold in a square or oblong dish, and serve cut in squares.) Core apple and cut into small cubes. Add apple cubes and chopped nuts to the molds when the jelly begins to set. Chill until firm.

To unmold, dip molds quickly into hot water and turn jelly out on lettuce. Serve with mayonnaise (which has been thinned with a little cream), or with boiled or whipped cream dressing.

BELOW: JANE WITHERS STUFFS CELERY WITH CHEESE FOR USE WITH MOLDS OF FRESH TOMATO JELLY AS A LUNCHEON SALAD



ONE of Judy Garland's favorite recipes makes a delicious hurry-up salad. Here it is!

PEACH SALAD WITH PINEAPPLE COTTAGE CHEESE

- | | |
|----------------|----------------------------------|
| Peach halves | Canned crushed pineapple drained |
| Cottage cheese | |

Mix one part pineapple with two parts or more of cottage cheese, and stir in a dab of mayonnaise, whipped cream dressing, or a combination of both. Put one or two peach halves in a cup of lettuce for each person, and place a small mound of the cottage cheese mixture in the hollow of each peach. Additional dressing may be passed.

If you have no pineapple, mix the cottage cheese with chopped walnuts instead.

Judy Garland's second recipe calls for fruit, also. You'll find this one so delicious you'll want to give it the place of honor on your next party table.

JUDY'S FRUIT SALAD ROYAL

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 pound chopped, blanched almonds | 1 can pineapple, cubed |
| 1 pound halved white grapes, or cherries | 1 pound marshmallows, quartered (cut them with scissors) |
| | 2 cups cubed peaches |

Over this mixture pour the following dressing:

- | | |
|-------------|--------------------|
| 1 cup milk | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 3 egg yolks | 1 teaspoon mustard |
- Scald milk in top of double boiler. Beat yolks lightly; slowly pour in scalded milk while continuing the beating. Add salt and mustard, return to top of double boiler, and continue cooking and stirring until a thin custard is formed. (The mixture will coat the spoon.)

When cool, fold in these ingredients:

- | |
|---------------------|
| Juice of 1 lemon |
| 1 cup whipped cream |

Mix well (Continued on page 32)



BELOW: LENI LYNN PRACTICES HER VOICE LESSONS AND MIXES A WALDORF SALAD AT THE SAME TIME. SHE SUCCEEDS AT BOTH



ABOVE: ANN RUTHERFORD ORDERS A PEAR AND COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD AND LIKES IT WITH A FRENCH DRESSING

MEET *the* MALONES

PART FIVE

The Story So Far

The young Malones—Mary Fred, sixteen; Johnny, fifteen; and Beany, thirteen—were the children of a famous newspaper editor, Martie Malone, of the "Demer Evening Call." Their dead mother had believed that young people should be brought up to be self-reliant and prepared to meet emergencies by making their own decisions. Their father, too, had the same idea, and the young Malones grew up to be responsible and capable, although—being warmly human and at times even rash—they made plenty of mistakes. Problems too difficult for them to solve personally they brought before the family council, over which their father presided.

Mary Fred needed the advice of the council after she had impulsively bought the lame horse, Mr. Chips, to keep him from being sold to a cruel farmer, for she had only half enough money to pay for him, and none to buy feed; and Johnny, too, wished to consult the council when his jalopy collided with an egg truck driven by a cowboy from Wyoming, Ander Erhart, and smashed the eggs, for he had to pay for the damage.

Neither Mary Fred nor Johnny, however, thought of asking their father for the money, but cast about for ways in which to earn it. The cook was leaving, and Mary Fred thought she and Johnny and Beany might do the work and earn the cook's wages. The family council decided in their favor, and all went well so long as practical Beany planned and cooked the meals. When Mary Fred's turn came, however, her heart was not in it, for a startling thing had happened to her. Dike Williams, the school football hero, who had never noticed her before, had suddenly singled her out for dates and special attentions. She lived in a dream, until her father had to go to Hawaii for several months, leaving the young Malones to solve their problems alone. There was one happy circumstance, however—Elizabeth, their married sister, came home with her baby while her officer husband went overseas. When Elizabeth opened her bag, they were all horrified to find—not baby clothes, but khaki shirts, big Army shoes, and the other belongings of the soldier with whom Elizabeth had exchanged suitcases on the train.



ELIZABETH CALLED TO THEM FROM THE LIVING ROOM. SHE AND A TALL, DARK SOLDIER WERE HAVING AFTERNOON TEA

Illustrated by
GERTRUDE
HOWE

By LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

In which the truth about Dike shocks Mary Fred out of her rosy dream. Ander helps her to face it with banners flying, like the true Malone she is

AT HARKNESS HIGH, all talk was of the big Spring Formal. Now that it was the next event on the school calendar, all interest was focused on it. "Who are you going with?" "What are you going to wear?"

Mary Fred was suddenly and unhappily brought face to face with the prom. The first question no one had asked her. Everyone supposed she was going with Dike Williams. But Dike hadn't asked her. Oh, but surely he would! Maybe he took it for granted that she knew he'd take her. She couldn't come right out and say, "Are you taking me to the Spring Formal?"

All the week before, she had talked around it as much as she dared. "I'm on the committee for the Spring Formal. We decided on programs in the shape of tulips." He hadn't answered that, and she had continued, "Some of the committee want to serve ices in the shape of flowers."

"I'll take forget-me-not," he had grinned, and then began to talk of basketball.

She envied Alberta and Janet and Lila—not their escorts, but their security in having them cinched. Alberta was going with one of the football team—not a Big Shot like Dike Williams, of course. The boy Janet McKean had skated with all winter had asked her. Lila was going with Fred Ellanger, the most bashful junior at Harkness. But Fred's mother and Lila's mother were friends.

Alberta's ivory lace dress was the pride of the sewing teacher. It was even now on a dress form, but it wouldn't be finished until the teacher and Alberta decided whether the huge flat bow on the underskirt, which would show through the filmy lace, should be orchid or perhaps silver.

"Have you bought your formal yet?" Alberta asked Mary Fred.

Mary Fred answered sharply. "Don't you remember? My formal is black, with a lame front leg and a splash of white in his forehead."

At home Elizabeth, sensing her sister's uneasiness over the dance and thinking it was because of a dress, or rather the lack of one, put the question gently. "Mary Fred, honey, are you worrying because you haven't a formal? Why can't you wear that dress I wore in the Maypole dance last year? I wore it to one of the Army dances and everyone told me how pretty it was. And that blue will be nice with your eyes."

Elizabeth was pulling the dress out of the zipper garment-bag in the closet as she talked. Mary Fred tried it on. The dress was of pale blue chiffon with a shower of rose petals appliqued on the full skirt. "It'll have to be shortened," Elizabeth said.

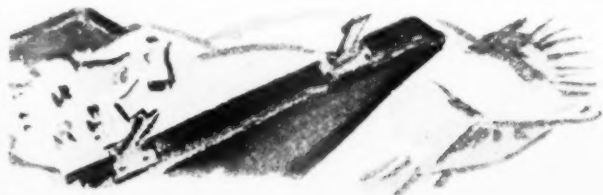
In front of the mirror, Mary Fred stared into her own troubled eyes—made more blue than gray by the dress. Of course everyone would know this was Elizabeth's Maypole dress because the dancers wore almost these same full-skirted chiffon dresses



every year. In one way it was a relief to know she had a dress, but in another it only sharpened her other worry. Suppose they went through all the motions of getting the dress shortened and freshened—and then Dike didn't ask her! After all, Sylvia, the senior girl he used to date and still talked to in the halls, was the queen; Sylvia was smooth to dance with; Sylvia had that certain something.

Then she remembered the time Dike asked her on such short notice to go to the opera at the auditorium, and that busy Saturday when he telephoned her at noon about the basketball game in the afternoon. "Why, he intends to take me! Of course he does," she reassured herself.

And so, that Monday morning between classes, she joined in



the talk of dresses, and what corsage she hoped she would get. "Oh, Dike Williams always does things up brown! He'll send an orchid, whether he can afford it or not," Alberta predicted.

Monday noon came, and though Mary Fred passed Dike in the lunchroom, eating his favorite hamburger, and he called to her, "How's my squaw?" he never mentioned the Spring Formal. The whole basketball team had been out of town over the week end. If only he'd stop thinking basketball long enough to think prom!

On Monday afternoon, someone was waiting for Mary Fred as she turned away from her locker. Her heart jumped a beat until she saw that it was not Dike Williams. It was Norbett Rhodes, president of *L'Academie Française*.

He stopped her and asked bluntly, "How about going to the Spring Formal with me?" It was more of a challenge than an invitation, as though he meant, "I dare you to turn me down!"

She said coolly, "Sorry! It can't be did."

"Why can't it?"

"Because I happen to have a date for the Spring Formal."

MARY FRED STARED AT HERSELF—EVERYONE WOULD KNOW IT WAS ELIZABETH'S DRESS. SHOULD SHE SHORTEN IT, HOPING DIKE WOULD ASK HER TO THE FORMAL?



"You going with Dike Williams?" he challenged her again.

She wished with all her heart that she could say, "Yes, I'm going with Dike Williams." But she couldn't, so she evaded the question with a curt, "What do you think?"

"What do I think?" he answered with a sneering laugh. "I'll tell you what I think! I think you're in for the hardest fall you ever got. Do I get a laugh out of you thinking Dike Williams is nuts about you, when all the time he's only making a play for getting subsidized next year at State U!"

Mary Fred's voice shook with anger. "I don't see how Dike Williams's plans for next year have anything to do with the Spring Formal, one way or the other."

She started to pass him, but he caught her by the arm. "Oh, you don't! Well, then, you're the only one in Harkness who doesn't. Didn't it ever occur to you that he wants to get on the good side of Martie Malone, so he'll have Coach Hibbs give him one of the fattest plums up at State? In case you don't know, it's called subsidizing, and it makes a lot of difference to football players who want to go on to college. Dike Williams is one of these poor but ambitious boys. But he couldn't take one of the messy jobs—like washing dishes. Not the mighty Dike Williams! No, he's out to get something soft."

Norbett's words were like a blow, but Mary Fred wouldn't let him see her flinch. "They teach us in Foods that mean dispositions are caused by a deficiency in diet," she said coolly. "You'd better eat more carrots."

She was thankful to see Lila and Alberta down the hall. She called to them to wait and, without a glance in Norbett's direction, ran down the corridor to them.

She felt dazed and numb from the blow, but she wouldn't let on—not even to herself. Just as that time, years ago, when she'd fallen from the apple tree, she had stood up and said, "It doesn't hurt a bit—not a bit." It hadn't hurt so much at first—and then pain had throbbed through her bruised and wrenched knee.

Now she began to talk louder than any of the girls about what everyone was wearing to the Formal. Alberta was all indignation because her sewing teacher wanted her to put her dress in the school exhibit this week, and Alberta didn't want it shown until she herself should wear it the night of the dance. . . . "Didn't it ever occur to you that he wants to get on the good side of Martie Malone, so he'll have Coach Hibbs give him one of the fattest plums up at State?" . . .

Mary Fred shouted to Janet, who came hurrying out with her psychology notebook. "What about your dress for the hop?" As though she didn't already know!

Janet wasn't getting a dress. There'd been an operation in her family which cut too deeply into the budget. It was always that way in the McKean home. But Janet wore a hand-me-down of one of her well-to-do cousins and took it all in her crinkly-eyed stride. "Just wait till you see me—red taffeta *bouffant*, just like a telephone doll."

Lila had no enthusiasm over her dress. Her mother had picked it out. "It's white—so girlish and sweet. Just like you wear when you finish junior high. Puffed sleeves. It's stinko."

"In case you don't know, it's called subsidizing and it makes a lot of difference to football players who want to go on to college." Mary Fred laughed again very loudly—as though Lila's "stinko" dress

were very funny. She laughed and laughed.

Alberta was saying, "With the orchid-colored bow on my skirt, an orchid on the shoulder wouldn't be bad. Thought waves, thought waves, carry that to big, dumb Pete! An orchid! An orchid!"

Janet said, "It'll be just like my Lochinvar to send pink roses to snuggle against my red taffeta."

Lila said colorlessly, "Mother'll see to it that Freddy—or should I say Freddy's mother?—sends a yellow corsage. Corny, eh?"

They would have lingered at the corner where Alberta and Janet turned off, but Mary Fred said hurriedly, "So long, gals!" She had to get away before they started prying information about corsages from her.

The wind seemed suddenly cold and she shivered. . . . "Dike Williams is one of these poor but ambitious boys." . . . She almost cried out loud, "It doesn't hurt—not a bit!"

Lila walked on with her past her own house. Mary Fred knew, with an added premonitory ache, that Lila had something to say to her—and she knew, with premonitory fear, that she didn't want to hear it.

Lila asked, with the worried solicitude she so often had for her friend, "Did Dike ask you to the Formal?"

Mary Fred's unhappiness made her fling out sharply, "Do you mean have I got it in writing? No, I haven't!"

"I'll tell you why I asked," Lila went on. "Because his old girl, Sylvia, is in my chem class—she has to take chem over again because she flunked it—and Dike came up to lab to-day and she talked to him in the doorway. They were having sort of a quarrel. No, not a quarrel exactly—but he was trying to keep her from being sore at him. I was working on my notebook and I could hear them—and it was the Formal. She told him he was leaving her out on a limb, and he said, 'Now look, can I help it if this has dragged out longer than I thought? All I want is to get in solid with Coach Hibbs at State—because you're going up there, and I want to go, too, don't I?'"

A little moan slipped from Mary Fred. Lila's words fitted perfectly into the other picture. Dike wanted to go to State. And Martie Malone was the best friend of the coach at State. But even yet she couldn't face it. She wouldn't admit that Norbett's words were anything but his jealous anger.

"I thought maybe," Lila said, as they walked up the steps of the Malone porch, "that it might make sense to you. It didn't to me."

"It doesn't," Mary Fred said violently. "It doesn't make a lick of sense to me. Come on in, Lila! Elizabeth's downstairs now. Oh, and you ought to see all the flowers friends of hers have sent! You just ought to see them." She couldn't talk fast enough. "And you ought to see how the Little Mister can smile at us now. He can't even look at Johnny without gurgling. Beany says it's Johnny's mop of hair that he thinks is a flag waving."

You could feel Elizabeth's presence downstairs. There were flowers in vases, Elizabeth's knitting on the couch—an added coziness somehow. Elizabeth called to them from the living room. She was having tea with a tall, black-eyed soldier who was holding the baby on his lap and who hurriedly got to his feet as the two girls came in, and gave them each a wide, bashful smile at the introduction. This was Private Clancy from the airfield. Mary Fred stared at his feet—they were such big feet.

Elizabeth motioned to an open suitcase on the floor which disclosed piles of white and pale pink garments. "You can see why Private Clancy and the Little Mister would have trouble wearing each others' clothes, can't you? We don't know yet how we got the wrong suitcases."

Mary Fred forced some interest into her voice. "You must have been as surprised as we were, when you reached for your



ELIZABETH AND THE LITTLE MISTER

clothes that night." To think that once it had seemed important that Elizabeth get an answer to the ad Johnny had put in the paper!

Elizabeth was saying, "He's just been telling me that they're having a big square dance party out at the field to-morrow night. He says his three buddies and he are strangers here and they haven't any partners. I wondered, Mary Fred, if you and Lila and Janet and Alberta couldn't go out and make up their set." Elizabeth laughed. "After all, we owe those poor fellows something! Private Clancy has been razed all the week about the size of the shirts in his suitcase. And no one had shoes that didn't pinch his feet. His buddies had to divide their socks and shaving outfits with him."

Mary Fred heard her own lifeless voice saying, "Yes, indeed, we all love to square dance."

She watched, with that same thudding numbness, as the soldier flashed his large smile on Lila. It was an honest, roguish smile. He said, "I'd like you to be my partner, if you would."

Lila gasped. It was the first time a boy had taken a step toward her without her mother's capable hand pushing him, and she answered readily, "Oh, I'd love to—of course I will!" Well, Lila's gushing couldn't hold a candle to the way she, Mary Fred, had rushed to meet Dike Williams with her heart on her sleeve.

Lila's mother came hurrying over, and she and Elizabeth arranged that the girls could go out to the airfield with Mrs. Sears in her big car. Mary Fred muttered that she must start dinner and hurried off to the kitchen. She had to get away. She couldn't stand all this planning gabble about the square dance. If she worked hard and fast at something, maybe she could keep on pretending that the words Norbett had thrown at her didn't mean anything. "It doesn't hurt a bit," she kept saying to herself. "Not a bit."

Beany was in the kitchen in her favorite attitude, kneeling on a chair and with the rest of her hunched over the kitchen table on which was spread the picture of her dream room. Imagine anyone thinking that having a room with yellow-plaid curtains and blue walls and mahogany-stained furniture was happiness!

Beany said, "Next month I'll get the mahogany undercoat. And to-day I priced a chest of drawers—unfinished, Mary Fred. I'll be so glad to boot out that old child's dresser that's so low I have to bend over double to pull out a drawer."

Mary Fred said, "I'm going to make a seven-minute icing for that applesauce cake I made yesterday."

"It says seven minutes," Beany disillusioned her, "but you just have to beat it and beat it till your arm aches."

Mary Fred made the icing, beating it harder and harder, but her mind kept working with deadly accuracy, sorting over small fragments and putting them together to form the whole ugly picture. The very first day Dike had said to her, "I hear your father's a great friend of Coach Hibbs up at State." "Oh, yes, he is," she had assured him. And then that night when she had asked him to Martie Malone's birthday dinner—no wonder he had been reproachful and disappointed when she telephoned to say her father wouldn't be home. No wonder he hadn't bothered to keep the date with her. Her heart kept saying, "No, it isn't so—it isn't so," but her mind went on sorting over events, holding them up to her. "Listen, Snooks,"—she even heard Dike's pleased-with-himself laugh—"it's what you get that counts, not how you get it."

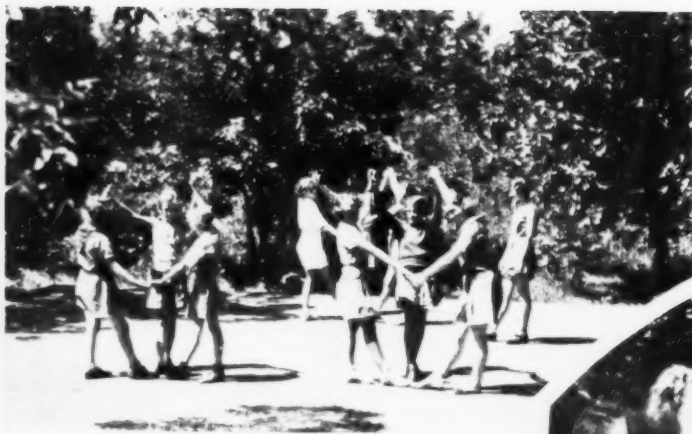
It hurt so. It hurt so. It hurt to think Dike Williams didn't care for her, herself, but only for her as Martie Malone's daughter; and mixed with the hurt was humiliation. "If you don't know it, then you're the only one at Harkness High who doesn't," Norbett had flung at her. (Continued on page 38)



THROUGH MANY FORMS OF T

LEFT: THE PLEASURE OF THE CRAFTSMAN IS PROVERBIAL — A FACT PROVED BY GIRL SCOUTS WHO HEARTILY ENJOY THE PART OF THEIR PROGRAM DEVOTED TO THE ARTS. MANY HAPPY HOURS ARE SPENT IN THE SUN BY THIS GIRL SCOUT AT HER SMALL LOOM

RIGHT: SOME OF THE LOVELIEST SUMMER HOURS ARE SPENT WITH A SKETCH BOOK, OR PAINTS AND CANVAS. GIRL SCOUTS INTERESTED IN ART MAY FOLLOW THEIR INCLINATIONS AND ARE ENCOURAGED TO LEARN MORE BY DOING



ABOVE: ASK ANY SCOUT WHO HAS TRIED FOLK DANCING, AND SHE WILL TELL YOU IT'S ONE OF THE BEST WAYS TO HAVE FUN WITH A GROUP OF PEOPLE, A WONDERFUL WAY OF GETTING STRANGERS ACQUAINTED, AND FINE FOR LETTING OFF STEAM

RIGHT: WHEREVER GIRL SCOUTS GET TOGETHER, THERE IS GROUP SINGING. AROUND A CAMPFIRE, ON THE EDGES OF A LAKE, UNDER THE TREES, OR AT TROOP MEETINGS, THE SONGS RING OUT, TESTIFYING TO THE FUN IN SCOUT ACTIVITIES



OF T EXPRESSION, GIRL SCOUTS

ARE

FINDING
HAPPINESS



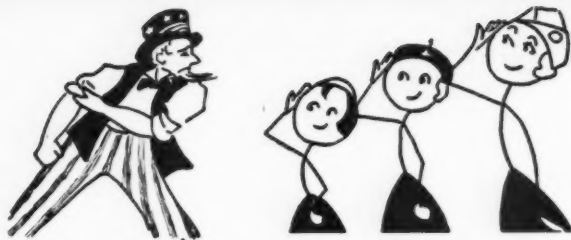
BELOW: LITERATURE IN ALL ITS FORMS IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF GIRL SCOUTING. THESE SCOUTS, IN A SUNLIT WOOD, ARE ENJOYING AN EXCITING TALE READ ALOUD TO THEM BY A CAMP COUNSELOR



ABOVE: THESE GIRL SCOUTS STUCK FEATHERS IN THEIR HAIR AND IMMEDIATELY BECAME—INDIANS! IMPROMPTU DRESSING UP AND ACTING PLAYS ARE FAVORITE ACTIVITIES IN CAMP AND HOME TROOPS

BELOW: GIRL SCOUTS DELIGHT IN DRAMATICS. A PUPPET SHOW IS BEING PRODUCED HERE, AND YOU WILL FIND SCOUTS ALSO ACTING IN PLAYS, PAGEANTS, AND MAKING THEIR OWN SHADOWGRAPHS





GIRL SCOUTS



WHAT'S the matter with Alice? I beckoned to her to come over to our table, but she just walked past, looking glum." The scene was a school cafeteria, and the speaker one of a group of high school girls eating their lunch together at a shiny-topped table. The girl who had spoken took a bite of her peanut butter sandwich. "Alice used to be so jolly and nice—and now she just mopes around and won't do anything that's fun. Have any of your girls offended her?"

"That isn't it!" The answer came from a girl across the table. "It's something entirely different. Alice's brother was at Bataan with MacArthur, you know—he's in a Japanese prison camp now—and she has the idea that it isn't right for her to have fun. She can't help worrying, of course, but it has grown to be kind of a religion with her to be gloomy. Since Ned has had to suffer so much and

gestions for many situations and solutions for many problems.

In the very beginning of the *Handbook*, on page four, we are told that "a self-reliant, useful person can always enjoy life more than the person who does not know what to do for herself, or for other people."

And in other parts of the book we read, "It is fun to design things and make them yourself," and "If you have the habit of reading—that is, if reading books is really important to you—you will know less about loneliness and being bored than a person who doesn't really like to read and who has never tried to form reading habits." And this, too, "Whether you are at home or in camp, there is always a fascination about acting, and almost everyone sparkles when she hears the words, 'Let's give a play!'" Another hint for happiness is, "Girl Scouts everywhere love to sing and dance."

Here are five ways to maintain happiness, five ways that are not apt to occur to us when we think of reporting for duty to Uncle Sam—books, music, arts and crafts, drama, and the dance. Let us see how these creative fields can be made to serve, how they can help us to report for duty.

First, we want to look around in our own community and see what facilities there are that we can make use of. There is sure to be a good library. Have you really used your library as a source of happiness and enjoyment? Your librarian is always glad to help in the selection of books and in planning your reading. There may or may not be a museum in your town—find out. There may be artists with interesting studios who would be willing to show them to you; there may be interesting pictures and picture collections in your library. There may be art classes that you can join. If you are interested in music, drama, or the dance, you may find schools, recreation centers, art centers, day camps, and summer activity groups, where girls are working together in these fields—groups that will undoubtedly be glad to have you join them.

You will be surprised at the number of people who will pop up here and there to

guide and help you. You will make new friends, and certainly you will discover thrilling new interests.

Suppose we consult the *Handbook* again, and see what else it has to say about finding happiness. Let's start with books.

Books

Whether you are a Brownie, an Intermediate, or a Senior Scout you will find many things in the world of books that will contribute to your happiness and the happiness of others, in the suggested activities for Second Class and for proficiency badges. Reading, of course, will appeal to most girls. It is fun to read aloud in a group and discuss the situations and characters you are reading about, and to find out something about the author.

You will want to know where and how to find the books you are eager to read; how books are made; how to care for and mend



TEACH YOURSELF SKETCHING OR PAINTING AND BE AS HAPPY AS THE DAY IS LONG

can't enjoy things, why, Alice won't enjoy anything either."

A third girl leaned forward, her face bright with interest. "Isn't that a shame," she cried. "As if Ned would want Alice to act dismal, no matter how much he has suffered! My idea of the way she could really show that she appreciates his sacrifices is to keep things cheerful at home, so he'll find a happy atmosphere when he comes back." She added, a little shyly, "Robert Louis Stevenson, you know, said that 'There is no duty we under-rate so much as the duty of being happy.'"

A long time ago another English writer said he thought the world would be better if we would think more about the duty of happiness than about the happiness of duty; he felt that we ought to be as happy as possible, because "to be happy ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others."

How to be happy ourselves in a world at war presents a big problem, but big problems are what Girl Scouts are prepared to tackle. And for the guidance of Girl Scouts there is always the *Girl Scout Handbook*—with sug-



HOMEMADE MARIONETTES OR HAND DOLLS ARE AS MUCH FUN TO WORK AS TO WATCH

books. You may want to visit a print shop and find out about types and printing.

No matter who you are, or where you are, you can have a share in the satisfying experiences to be found in the field of literature. There is a whole chapter of suggestions in the *Handbook*—suggestions for exciting things to do that you might never think of in connection with books.

Drama

If you want to have a happy experience that will stretch over a long period of time, put on a troop play. There's the fun of selecting the right play, deciding who is to play which character, arranging for costumes, scenery, properties—well, it just goes on and on, and each succeeding rehearsal gets more interesting. Besides putting on plays, there are many other things to do in this field—reading plays, seeing plays, writing plays, making marionettes and producing puppet plays, story-telling, choral reading, and pageants.

Music

Now here is a field that fits into every



TRY THE KIND OF A WHIRL FOLK DANCING GIVES YOU—IT'S TOPS FOR A CROWD

REPORTING for DUTY with THE ARTS

Sketches by
KATHLEEN KELLY

Conducted by the Program Division, Girl Scouts

nook and cranny of a happy Girl Scout's life. Not only does music serve us in everyday situations, but it is also a wonderful resource in times of stress. You probably remember how, early in the war, in a crowded lifeboat, a small Girl Guide sang all night long. It was her songs, her jolly Girl Guide songs, that kept

we should have plenty of songs at the tips of our tongues, whether they may be used to quiet fear in a crowded air raid shelter, or to soften the pangs of disappointment when we seek shelter from a sudden rainstorm at a picnic, or just for our own enjoyment.

Singing, playing instruments, listening to music—all of these have a world of enjoyment in them that increases as we gain greater familiarity with fine music; and closely akin to music is another happy activity, the dance.

The Dance

Dancing, to most of us, means gaiety, lively rhythm, and spontaneous fun. The *Handbook* has many suggestions for ways in which the dance can help us report for the "duty of being happy." There is the folk dance, for instance. In many parts of our country the old American square dances are being revived, and girls and boys are having wonderful times together, romping through Uncle Steve's Quadrille and Money Musk. Folk dances of all nations, social dancing, and rhythmic dancing provide fun for everyone, big and little.

Last, but not least as sources of happiness, come arts and crafts.

Arts and Crafts

When we come to the arts and crafts, we cannot do better than read that section in the *Handbook* which gives suggestions under seventeen different proficiency badges. Begin-

ning on page 71, you will find out how to start; and from there until you come to page 146, you will find suggestions for drawing and painting, modeling, basketry, leatherwork, needlecraft—well, you'll just have to look that section of the *Handbook* up yourself, to see how many sources of happiness



HARMONIZING IN A GROUP CHASES AWAY MOST BLUES AND EASES ALL OF THEM

the men pulling at the oars and brought the survivors to safety from a torpedoed ship. So be sure to have a good repertoire of Girl Scout songs to use in times of danger, to quiet children during a black-out, or to bolster courage during an air raid if the need should ever arise—we trust it never will. A Girl Scout is always prepared, however, and



A BOOK IS A BEST FRIEND WHEN YOU'RE ALONE AND A CONVERSATION PIECE LATER

are listed. When you have read them all over, we think you'll feel as we do that this edition of "Reporting for Duty" should end with another quotation from Robert Louis Stevenson. Yes, you've guessed it!—

"The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

WANTED ~ for the JULIETTE LOW MUSEUM ~

ANYTHING OF HISTORICAL INTEREST BEARING ON GIRL SCOUTING

THE Juliette Low Memorial Museum committee wishes Girl Scouts all over the world to know as much as possible about the museum, and hopes that individual troops and councils will feel that it belongs to them. It is international, not local. The memorial museum represents not only Juliette Low, the woman, but also her work, Girl Scouting. As you know, the museum was built by contributions from Girl Scout troops everywhere, as well as by donations from individuals. We also want troops everywhere to contribute, from their section, memorabilia of interest now and in the future to the history of Girl Scouting. In this connection, we now have in the museum an extremely interesting exhibit of native Mexican handcraft from Mexico City. We want more exhibits of this nature. Kohler, Wisconsin, is also represented. The part your section of the country takes in molding the history of Girl Scouting should be represented in the museum.

Last spring, the courtyard which serves as a private entrance to the museum was entirely remodelled into a charming little court and garden. The center of this is a small paved square bordered by flower beds. At one end of the court is an attractive wooden gate with the words *Juliette Low—1861-1927*

over it. At the other end, against the wall, is a small fountain surrounded by flowers. Vines cling to the old brick walls of the court-



THE JULIETTE LOW MUSEUM IN SAVANNAH

yard, making the whole place restful and refreshing to the eye.

Mrs. Arthur O. Choate, in the annual report of the Juliette Low Memorial Fund, has written an excellent description of the museum: "In April, the dream of our Founder's first Girl Scout friend in the United States, her cousin, Miss Nina Pape, came true—namely the opening of the Juliette Low Memorial Museum in Savannah. There Miss

Pape and her committee have collected many items of interest bearing on the life of Juliette Low—letters, photographs, samples of Mrs. Low's modeling, painting, and other handcraft. This collection is housed in a specially built fireproof room attached to the Girl Scout headquarters, which had been Mrs. Low's barn where she held the first Girl Scout meetings in this country, and which she willed to the Girl Scouts of Savannah. Miss Pape hopes that anyone owning any sort of memorabilia of Mrs. Low, and willing to give or lend it to this museum, will write her about it so that the collection may become as complete as possible."

Several of the members of the Board of Directors were present at the opening on April ninth, and all Girl Scouts, whenever able to visit Savannah, will find a cordial welcome awaiting them there.

Mrs. Leigh-White, director of the World Bureau, who visited the museum before she sailed for home a year ago, emphasized the meaning of the Juliette Low Memorial Museum for all Girl Scouts when she cabled to the opening, "May memories enshrined at Savannah remain green forever in hearts of Girl Scouts and Girl Guides everywhere."

Nina Anderson Pape, Chairman

IT ALL COMES OUT *in the WASH*

How to keep clean, dainty, and comfortable in hot weather

REMEMBER the old joke, "Are you the lady who washes?" Well—are you? You'd better be! Because it all comes out in the wash. Your own personal Sleeping Beauty is what we're talking about, the beauty that you may be hiding under a mask of neglect and general don't-care. So let "Hey, rub a dub, into the tub," be your beauty theme this summer, and watch the miracle of a lovely brand new You emerge.

All right, of course it's hot—and you're not going to the shore or the mountains this summer—and the date in your life is in camp, or on a Victory Farm, or who knows patriotically where. But don't let down. Don't bury your grief in a box of sugar-stealing chocolates and sulk in a hammock all summer just because a vacation trip is out and there are so few boys around, anyway. *Don't*—or, come fall, you'll see a gal with stringy hair in your mirror, a gal with a face full of discontent and a new permanent wave, only it will be down her spine from hammock-huddling.

This particular summer is your big opportunity to do a Victory job in more ways than one. Use these precious days for an all-out beauty campaign. It's a chance you may not get later, in the hectic days after the rush begins. Which brings us back to the tub again—the starting post in all the beauty sweepstakes.

Know what a glamour bath is? It's the trick you can always rely on to set you glowing, to perk up your morale at any time, or

pampered. Now slide into the sudsy tub. Relax five minutes.

Now scrub! The back of your arms—they turn to permanent goose pimples, if you don't watch out—behind your ears, your face, your back with a long handled brush, the soles of your feet—really scrub. Then out. Dry your face with the first towel which is linen. The second one is for the rest of you and is a cotton bath towel, of course.

Press back the cuticle on your finger-nails. If you do this faithfully every time you wash your hands, it's a lifetime guarantee against hangnails and you'll have lovely almond nails with pale half moons thrown in extra, just like a princess in a Chinese fairy tale.

Don't forget your toes. You want to put your prettiest foot forward, as well as your best one. Now pat dry—desert dry—the danger zones behind your ears, between your toes, the hair line at the back.

By
**HELEN
HATCHER**



4. Soap with shampoo lotion. If you can't afford a ready-made one, try grating any mild soap ends into chips on a grater and dissolving them in water. This will make a luscious lather.

5. Rinse your hair.

6. Soap again. Rinse. (You do this three times in all.)

7. Give your hair a final rinse, rinse, RINSE. Rinse until it squeaks between your hands. Then it's clean.

8. Dry by rubbing with a rough towel.

Maybe you're one of the Double A's (Alert and Alive) who are doing farm duty these days. Well, you may have to work around the clock, but there's time for "over-all beauty," too. And while you're winning prizes for red checked tomatoes, don't forget your own. If you follow a few simple rules, you'll be coming home with a complexion like sunny honey from the milk and vegetables and tan you've been absorbing. Here are the rules:

1. Use a good sunburn lotion or sun-tan oil right from the first day—so you'll tan, not burn.

2. Cream your face nightly to remove the good earth. If your skin has a tendency to dryness, put on another application for over-night help to counteract the wind, alkaline water, and what have you.

3. Wash your face thoroughly with a mild soap at least twice a day. Rinse well and dry well before going out.

4. Cream your hands before you go out in the morning—a rich coating of cream rubbed down under each nail will fend off lots of dirt.

5. For some chores you can wear gloves. Use lotion before you put them on.

6. Wash your hands with a firm bristled nailbrush, and push back your cuticle with the towel each time you dry them.

MAYBE you drew a farm without a bathroom. Hurray for lucky you! You're going to learn a quick trick that'll be handy all your life—out camping, hostelling, if you're going to be a (Continued on page 42)

Illustrated
By
MISS ELLIOTT



to turn you into a crisp lettuce leaf at the end of a hard, hot day.

This is how a glamour bath starts. Get two really adequate towels, your hair brush, face cloth, etc. assembled in the bathroom. Brush your hair fifty scalp-tingling licks and put on a shower cap. While you run the tub (and a handful of bath salts at this point would add the top-drawer touch) you cream your face thoroughly, using an upstroke; wipe off with tissue and recream. Rub a generous glob of cream on your elbows, too, and on the backs of your ankles—these patches have a tendency to turn to shoe leather unless

Dust yourself with powder, lightly all over like sugar on a cream puff. If you use cologne or toilet water, make it a subtle flower perfume, a scent that whispers, not shouts. And remember—for safety first, a touch of deodorant.

Lipstick? Powder? Don't forget this year we're making faces—natural faces—that smile, "I can do my share, too." So use your judgment.

Dress. Do your hair. Flick off your shoulders. Smooth your brows. Now, don't you feel like something angelic, almost ready to float?

FOR a quick-up, when you're in a hurry, try a strip 'n dip in the shower. Follow your cream routine and go ahead; and if you want a bracer, finish off with a split second under the cold tap to give you a lime sherbet coolness in your bones that will last through the best part of any sultry day.

Under the shower is a good place for a shampoo and here's a professional routine for a shining top-mop in fifteen minutes flat.

1. Part your hair in six sections. This makes your head look like a checkerboard so your next move is—

2. To brush each section well.

3. Massage your scalp with your clenched knuckles—around and around working up from your ears toward the crown of your head. Then into the shower and wet your hair thoroughly.

WHAT TO DO *when there's no gas*

Don't give it a second thought — just grab your bicycle, and take your Dura-Gloss along. Dura-Gloss is a big relief from it all. Sit down, nice and quiet, and make your fingers the most beautiful in the world. Dura-Gloss does it. It's a wonderful nail polish. Contains Chrystalline that makes it stay on better. Sparkles brightly. Full of color and life — womanly stuff — the stuff that angels are made of. Don't be without DURAGLOSS, 10¢.



Larr Laboratories • Paterson, N. J.
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH

Cuticle Lotion Polish Remover Dura-Coat



10¢ PLUS TAX



IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

SWEDEN IS READY FOR ANYTHING

"The Swedes do business with Germany, so they must be pro-Nazi." That's the gist of a long current accusation. Such an attack is manifestly unfair. It assumes that, because a little nation is forced to trade with a large and powerful one, the people of the small country must hold the views of the big one.

Sweden is surrounded by Nazi-controlled territory, by Nazi-dominated waters. In a sense she is a democratic island in a totalitarian sea. Germany needs Sweden's iron ore, her lumber. The Swedes send these things to the Reich, keenly aware that if they had not been doing so from the start of the



war, the Nazis would almost certainly have taken what they wanted by force. In return, Germany sends coal to Sweden.

But most Swedes have no love for Hitler, or for the Germans he rules. Americans in Stockholm agree that at least ninety per cent of the Swedes are wholeheartedly for the Allies. It's simply that Sweden is bent on staying neutral, staying at peace. Encircled by Nazis, she must compromise with Nazis.

Long ago, she herself used to be a warlike, an imperialist nation. For centuries she fought intermittently with Denmark, Poland, Russia. One of her most aggressive leaders, King Charles XII, conquered Poland and Denmark. He even invaded Russia.

A long process of trial and error cured Sweden of aggressive ideas. She learned that peace paid better than war. For the last century and a quarter, she's been on friendly terms with her neighbor nations. She stayed neutral during World War I.

The coming of the second World War put her neutrality to an acid test. She was deeply shaken by Hitler's seizure of Norway. Would the Axis invade Sweden, also? That question was echoed all over the world—notably here in America, for there have long been close bonds between Sweden and the United States. Though Sweden is a constitutional monarchy, she has been known for her astutely planned, democratic ways of life. Certain American writers have held her up as a model nation.

The Swedes, in their turn, have shown how much they liked us by flocking here in big

numbers. In the United States there are actually about a million and a half people of Swedish birth or parentage.

Americans who have lived in Sweden have come back to tell about a land forward-looking enough to benefit by the machine age, yet conservative enough to delve into the past and revive sturdy old customs, and even peasant costumes of bygone days. (The sketch shows a girl in one of these.)

Though so many Swedes have left Sweden, that does not mean that the Swedes care little for their mother country. They love their homeland of many lakes, waterfalls, and rapids, thick forests, long summer days and long winter nights, little farms and great castles. Though they number only about six and a half millions and live in a country no bigger than Colorado and North Dakota combined, the Swedes could make an invading force pay dearly.

Sweden's small army has been taught how to take full advantage of the terrain it would have to fight on. Its soldiers—conscripts from twenty to forty-seven years old—are a splendid body of men. No less than ninety-five per cent of the younger selectees called up for possible training were found to be physically fit.

That there's so much good human material in this land of long-ago Vikings is due largely to the persistence of Viking standards of hardihood. The Swedes are an open-air race, and so tend to be tough and enduring. From early childhood, most of them swim and ski. The boys like to run long races. It's no accident that a twenty-four-year-old Swede, Gunder Hagg is the world's fastest long-distance runner.

Besides her fine army Sweden has a small but efficient navy, and a compact, well trained air force. Through a Five Year Plan, launched in 1942, she is spending about one hundred and ninety million dollars annually on defense. In 1939 she spent only a fifteenth of that sum.

Though battle centers, at this writing, are far from Sweden, her people realize that the Nazis still may strike toward the north. Her Prime Minister, Per Albin Hansson, summed up the matter during a debate in the Swedish Parliament. If Sweden were attacked, he said, all should be ready to fight until the last invader had been driven out. He warned against obeying orders to surrender, from any source whatsoever. The paralysis which traitors might try to spread must not be allowed to grip the country.

"There must not be the slightest doubt," he said with grim vehemence, "about this nation's forces going into action!"

MAN OF IRON

People sometimes call him "Monty of El Alamein," or "the desert Cromwell." He's better known to the world, though, as General Sir Bernard L. Montgomery. In the fifty-five years of his life, he's been part of a great panorama of soldierly action.

His early days, however, were spent in an atmosphere that was far from military. The son of a clergyman, he was brought up in a London vicarage. Later he went to Saint Paul's School; still later, to Sandhurst, the West Point of England. He won respect there as a hard-as-nails young officer keenly interested in his work.

Fighting in World War I, he showed endurance and daring as an infantry captain. He won the *Croix de Guerre*, but came near filling a grave near Monteran. It happened in this way. He had been so badly wounded that three doctors said he was dead. Put into a truck to be taken to a graveyard, the supposedly dead man was in charge of a field hospital attendant. Luckily the attendant was observant. He noticed a slight fluttering of the eyelids.

Montgomery, rushed to a hospital, was still alive. He made a slow but complete recovery.

In the interval between the two world wars he took part in scattered desert fighting in Arabia. With the coming of World War II he was again in the thick of tremendous action. He was one of the last to be taken off the beach at Dunkerque, after he and his men had been driven to the sea by panzer divisions directed by none other than General Rommel.

Montgomery had his revenge when he drove Rommel all the way from El Alamein



to northeast Tunisia. He proved himself master of a baffling kind of war—desert war in which supply lines are literally life lines, and everything an army needs must be hauled in trucks.

Like Oliver Cromwell, Montgomery is a startling blend of piety and toughness. He neither swears nor smokes nor drinks. He reads the Bible earnestly and often quotes the Prince of Peace. But he tells his men, "Kill Nazis!"

He also tells them, "North Africa is just a prelude to greater battles to come!"

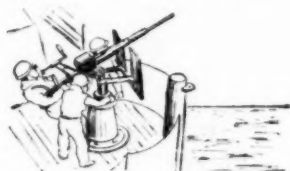
MAGIC ON THE MARCH

Have you ever stroked a cat, in the dark—on the sort of crisp day that's "electrical"—and seen tiny flashes in the animal's fur wink and leap and glitter? If so, you've witnessed a discharge of electrons, the infinitesimal particles which science has been putting to work with astounding results.

Electrons are no recent discovery. Back in 1887, a young scientist, Heinrich Hertz, discovered their basic principle. His research led physicists to change their minds about atoms. Previously they had thought of atoms as single particles—as all-of-a-piece as a lump of lead. But Hertz's work pointed the way to the conclusion that an atom is strangely like our solar system on an incredibly tiny scale.

An atom, it seems, has a nucleus—a particle of matter charged with positive electricity—as its "sun." Around the nucleus whirl, planet-wise, negatively charged particles, each no bigger than "a billionth of a pinpoint." These, called electrons, move at staggering speeds—some as fast as a hundred and sixty thousand miles a second.

Physicists learned how to release, from



atoms, tremendous swarms of electrons. They did this through the action of light falling upon metals. Also, they learned how to imprison electrons in tubes where the particles would change variations of light into variations of energy.

It was not until 1924, however, that science found a way to harness these runaway points of matter in fully developed electron tubes. In that year, through the discovery, photographs were first sent over telephone wires. Since then an astonishing array of uses have opened up for these magic tubes. They give voices to talking movies. They weld metals, steer vessels, make television possible. They even sort packaged foods, giving warning when packages are imperfect.

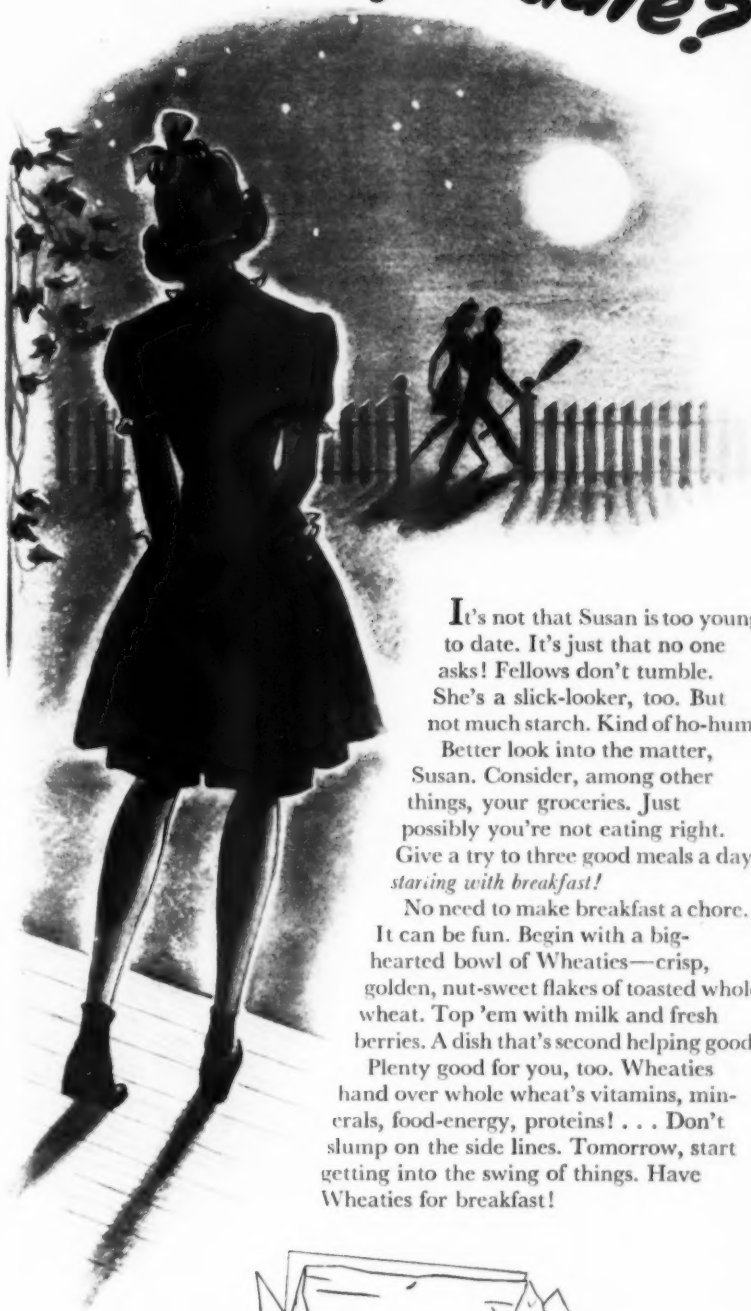
Scientists have been desperately busy adapting them to war uses. Most of these uses are "hush-hush," but it's no secret that the electron tube takes a hand in spotting far-off enemy planes and in aiming guns—notably anti-aircraft guns.

Lord Beaverbrook, the British newspaper owner who became England's chief of aircraft production, said the electron tube won the Battle of Britain.

After peace comes, we're told, such tubes will heat many a home and office by broadcasting waves which will warm everything in their paths: walls, chairs, desks, floors, men, women, children. Set into the walls of homes and hospitals, the tubes will clear dust from indoor air and slaughter germs by the billion. They'll bring color and a three-dimensional illusion to television. They may make flying safe by keeping planes at any desired level above the ground and by landing them without help from human hands or feet.

But peace alone can bring such all-out civilian use. Only the demobilized electron will be able to go to town.

Too young to date?



It's not that Susan is too young to date. It's just that no one asks! Fellows don't tumble. She's a slick-looker, too. But not much starch. Kind of ho-hum.

Better look into the matter, Susan. Consider, among other things, your groceries. Just possibly you're not eating right. Give a try to three good meals a day, *starting with breakfast!*

No need to make breakfast a chore. It can be fun. Begin with a big-hearted bowl of Wheaties—crisp, golden, nut-sweet flakes of toasted whole wheat. Top 'em with milk and fresh berries. A dish that's second helping good.

Plenty good for you, too. Wheaties hand over whole wheat's vitamins, minerals, food-energy, proteins! . . . Don't slump on the side lines. Tomorrow, start getting into the swing of things. Have Wheaties for breakfast!

Get in the groove with



WHEATIES

"Breakfast of Champions" with milk or cream and fruit.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.



WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

BOMBARDIER. A graphic account of the training received by bombardiers who are taught to hit the target on the first try. This is not "just another war movie." On the contrary, you will be so interested in what happens to the students under Pat O'Brien's care that you are going to find yourself furiously angry at the treatment some of them receive at the hands of the Japs. Seeing the legend, "Donated by the U. S. Red Cross for Japanese Flood Relief 1923," on a stretcher which carries the body of a boy you have seen trained, will arouse your hatred of such ingratitude and treachery. The film is always interesting. Even non-air-minded movie goers will be thrilled by the preparation for a bombing mission, and since the film was made with Army co-operation the details are completely authentic. The cast includes such familiar veterans as O'Brien in a not-to-be-missed performance, Randolph Scott, and Barton MacLane, as well as the talented newcomers, Richard Martin, Russell Wade, Robert Ryan. (RKO)

STAGE DOOR CANTEN. Shortly after war broke out, the American Theater Wing, made up of New York actors, opened the now famous Stage Door Canteen at which service men of the United Nations are nightly guests. The movement soon spread to Washington and Hollywood where actors of stage and screen are giving generously of their time and talents. This film, however, shows only the work of the original New York Canteen. It succeeds remarkably in catching the democratic spirit which enables show folk not only to entertain their guests superlatively, but to make them feel at home. The story is of less importance than the astonishing array of stars who appear as themselves, yet it, too, is ingratiating. Three Army privates on their way overseas spend their last three free evenings at the Stage Door Canteen. Each is attracted to a Junior Hostess (the younger actresses who wait on tables and dance with the boys) so that it is difficult to live up to the strict rule that no dates may be made at the Canteen—it is always goodnight when the final dance is played at midnight. One of the couples (Cheryl Walker, Bill Terry) start out feuding, but fall genuinely in love. But their romance must wait until after the war, as sailing orders prevent their marriage. The six young people are played by screen newcomers and all are refreshingly real, especially the lad from California (Lon McCallister) who had played Romeo in a Little Theater production. He has the experience of a lifetime when Katharine Cornell, in the midst of passing out oranges to a line of boys, suddenly becomes starry-eyed Juliet and speaks the lines of the balcony scene so simply and humanly that the young amateur becomes, for the moment, an inspired actor as he responds in like vein. Though neither the camera nor the sound track do Miss Cornell justice, hers is an electric example of acting which springs from a creative mind and needs no stage props to build an illusion. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne have an equally sparkling scene in which they pretend to be professionally jealous of each other, after the manner of their *Guardman* roles. Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn, Judith Anderson, Merle Oberon, Ina Claire are a few of the famous stars who are seen helping out at the Canteen. Among the entertainers Ed Wynn, Ray Bolger and George Jessel, Ethel Merman, and Gypsy Rose Lee (who does an excessively modest parody of a burlesque act) and a whole series of name bands (Count Basie, Xavier Cugat, Benny Goodman, Kay Kyser, Guy Lombardo, Freddy Martin) give an idea of the rewarding evenings offered the boys who crowd the Canteen. One of the most stirring scenes is the reception given a group of Chinese pilots, who have just won their wings and are on their way home to join the fighting forces. Altogether this is a delightful mixture of variety acts cleverly introduced to preserve an air of impromptu fun, of lonesome lads being warmly welcomed and made to feel part of a glamorous scene, and, above all, of rare glimpses of the human side of actors we know usually only as the characters they portray. (U.A.)

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER. Major Alexander P. de Seversky's best selling prophecy has been given visual reality by Walt Disney's matchless art. The complete history of aviation is

shown, plus the whole progress of the war to date, in clear and simple form. Using various art mediums to best clarify history, Disney employs delicious humor in picturing the first transcontinental trip, with the plane followed by a train filled with extra parts, the plane crashing from State to State and the comic little train chugging along hopefully in its wake. Animated maps illustrate the development of air routes; contrast of distances that materiel must be carried by Allies and Axis Powers is shown by vividly graphic pictures; finally, an elaborate allegory is presented with Japan as an octopus. Adults will find the film tremendously interesting and children will love it. (U.A.)

Good

CALLING WILD BILL ELLIOTT. There are many calls on Elliott's talent as a righter of wrongs in this fast moving Western. Buzzy Dee Henry, child star, is also featured. Good Western. (Rep.)

FOLLOW THE BAND. Farmhand Eddie Quillan, sent to New York on business, wins a name for himself as a trombone player, but returns to wed country girl Anne Rooney. There are brief but entertaining appearances by Leo Carrillo, Frances Langford, The King Sisters, The Kings Men, and the Army Bombardiers. Pleasant musical comedy. (Univ.)

FRONTIER FURY. A really delightful cowboys-and-Indians story which doesn't hesitate to introduce a 1943-dressed heroine into the 19th century goings-on. But she doesn't appear until the last reel, so Western fans won't mind. Charles Starrett is the stalwart hero. Enjoyable Western. (Col.)

PILOT NO. 5. That serving shady politicians makes one an enemy of his country is the timely and arresting thesis of this fine film. Franchot Tone is a young lawyer who takes a job under an unscrupulous governor, in order to get ahead financially and hasten his marriage to Marsha Hunt. Gene Kelly, his law partner, loves Marsha, too, but soon accepts the finality of her engagement to Tone. Kelly's main function in the film is to serve as narrator for the flash-back story of Tone's life, told in the wilds of Java while he and his flying mates await the outcome of Tone's suicidal flight in the one remaining plane, to intercept a Jap carrier. The picture has so much to say which we need to know—for instance, how elements of Fascism can creep into our Government through personal greed—that more originality should have been expended on the various incidents of the plot, for not all of them are convincing. The acting of both Tone and Kelly is particularly forthright. (MGM)

SADDLES AND SAGEBRUSH. As reward for winning a sharpshooting contest, personable Russell Hayden is offered a job at most attractive wages. But when he realizes that his new boss is a land-grabbing thief who does not stop at murder, Hayden organizes the settlers and fights back fast. This is a rousing action drama which holds your attention from beginning to end. (Col.)

SWING SHIFT MAISIE. Ann Sothern's genial, kindly, chin-up Maisie is a natural for getting things done on a war job, though her eagerness to get to work makes her underestimate the importance of a birth certificate. There are other complications, too, such as the smooth girl who almost takes Maisie's beau (James Craig) away from her. But the film's amusing qualities lie not in the plot but in Maisie's combination of hard-boiled wisdom and good-hearted innocence, and in the background of crowded living conditions for war plant workers. (MGM)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

STAGE DOOR CANTEN
VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER

Good

CALLING WILD BILL ELLIOTT
FOLLOW THE BAND
FRONTIER FURY
SADDLES AND SAGEBRUSH

LADY in WAITING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

Rosalind's black eyes flashed. "Well, if ever an American showed black ingratitude, you do! France sent us guns and clothes and food—and where would we have been at Yorktown without the French fleet?"

"It was all in self-interest. 'Helping America lost England her colonies, weakened her—and France wanted her weakened. It's what's called power politics.'"

"Oh, you're completely wrong—completely! The Queen wouldn't have done that!"

Joseph said, reddening but still trying for lightness. "Oh, come now, you know you're a little dunce about some things. And one of them is Marie Antoinette. She's a poor lot. Not much head, and no heart. Don't you think a Queen who could make a joke of the bad black bread, which was all her starving people had to eat, deserves a little hardship?"

"She didn't! She wouldn't! She has the tenderest heart."

"Oh, yes, she did! She asked her brother-in-law, who showed her a sample of the wretched, unwholesome stuff, 'Why don't they eat cake?'"

The ugly little anecdote lay between them, hard and hateful. Then Rosalind, her anger mounting, rose and went into the house without once looking back, or gathering up her blossoms. And though, next day, she did go down to the harbor to see the *Sally* sail, Joseph appeared to be too busy with his duties as bo'sun to notice her.

It was a busy scene. The wharf was crowded to see the Captain's ship go out, the wind filling her spread canvas. Sad at heart as Rosalind felt that day, there was a lift of pride in the beauty of Father's ship. For surely few sights were so thrilling as the packet outward bound. She stood waving until the *Sally's* dimming shrouds shrunk to the smallness of her fluttering handkerchief and faded into the salt mist.

THAT summer Mrs. Clough was not at all well, and much of Rosalind's time was taken up caring for the new baby who had been born after the *Sally* sailed away.

"Mother, she's going to have fair hair—and her eyes are so blue."

Mrs. Clough, lying pale on her pillow, looked from her tall daughter to the tiny one held so capably in Rosalind's arms. "What would you say to Marie Antoinette for a name?" she asked. "I know that's a favorite with you."

"Oh, yes, Mother, I'd love that!"

Richard was cool to the baby at first. "Macaws are nicer. Hernandez sits on my shoulder, just as he used to on Joseph's."

"Wait till Annette's older and knows you."

"Hernando knows me. But I think he likes Joseph best."

It was odd, the pang that always came with the mention of Joseph's name. If they had not quarreled about Marie Antoinette, perhaps he would have written. Father's letters, always addressed to Mother, arrived at wide intervals. His first letter of the new year, 1793, brought word of the King's execution, and of the separation of the unhappy Queen from her children. "Joseph still remains incurably democratic in his ideas," Fa-

her's letter went on, "but I think he likes the American brand of democracy better than the French. Well, so do I."

ANTOINETTE'S small wants kept her sister too busy to indulge in many regrets or daydreams those winter months—and indeed until spring.

The orchard budded again and blossomed—the petals fell. Then it was summer, but still the Sally was not sighted. What was causing the delay? If all was well with Father, why did they receive no message? At last, in late August, came Father's letter. Mrs. Clough's eyes blurred with tears of relief, just knowing that the Captain was alive and able to write. Richard whooped like an excited Indian, and Antoinette choked on her bread and milk.

Let me read it, Mother!"

Rosalind read the amazing thing that Father had written. Since his last letter, Queen Marie Antoinette had been sent to the Conciergerie Prison, tried, and condemned to death, though some of her friends were still hopeful of getting her secretly out of the country. They had asked Father to bring the Queen to America in the Sally—and he'd agreed.

Father wrote, "You know my sympathy has always been with her, even though I am an American-born citizen, and in America we trust no King but God. My wife, prepare the house. Wait and watch and pray, my dear ones, for me and for her gracious and deeply wronged Majesty."

They read the letter over and over. No, it wasn't a dream, it was real.

The excitement of it, the breath-taking wonder! Then Rosalind's joy tumbled into misgiving. The differences between a royal palace and the little house on Squam Island, with its central chimney and tiny front porch, seemed insurmountable.

"Mother, we've only one guest room. And she's used to hundreds of them."

Mrs. Clough said, "Yes, I know. But it's sunny and quite sizable—and it will seem nice and quiet to the Queen after all those days in a rocking, pitching ship. And even that must be pleasanter than a prison cell."

"But, Mother, the house is so simple."

"My dear, we live simply. Most New Englanders do. But she'll find our house spic and span. Windows shining, not a speck of dust anywhere."

Then Rosalind had her inspiration. "There's the loveliest, delicate green you can get with lampblack and yellow. May I paint her room that pretty, restful color? And perhaps do the furniture, too? The floor boards are oak. Couldn't they be scraped and waxed? If you'll just give me *cette blanche*—"

"I'll give you a free hand, anyway," her mother smiled. "You may look in the Treasure Chest, if you've a mind, and take out what you want."

The Treasure Chest was the trunk in which were laid away certain rich rolls of Canton silk and French brocades and Spanish shawls. One, worked exquisitely in pomegranates, Mother thought large enough to be used as a counterpane for the Queen's bed.

Look, Mother, here's a good length of cream white, patterned with lilies! That will make skirts for Marie Antoinette's dressing table. And I do believe there's enough for a bed frill." Rosalind was so delighted over

that particular find, her mother forbore mentioning she had thought of it as a possible wedding dress for her daughter. Instead, she offered her services as a seamstress.

"And may I use the tambour desk—and the wing chair? And I'm sure Mitty Smith will want to help."

Mitty did. She was delighted to assist Rosalind in her preparations to receive the Queen. The girls found a good deal to encourage them. The low-ceiled front room of the square, sturdily built house had a pleasing fireplace, with a nook at one side. Though the windows were small paned, they gave on lovely views of hill and harbor. There was a fair sized closet. And, of course, the room adjoining must serve as a dressing room.

They worked like beavers. The effect of Rosalind's delicate green walls and white trim, lightened and brightened pleasingly by a creamy ceiling to which golden tones in the waxed floor boards gave warmth and richness, was most inviting. The windows were too small for formal hangings. After anxious consultation they found in the chest enough taffeta patterned prettily with white and yellow daisies, to hang in soft folds from pole rings to sill. The gracefully draped dressing table they placed between the front windows, gilt mirror above it. The bed underwent a Cinderella change in a dress of cream paint, antiqued in gold. The pomegranate shawl served nicely as a counterpane.

The day they were putting the finishing touches to their labor of love, Mitty's grandmother, who disapproved of the Queen's frivolities, weakened and allowed them to have her Dresden sconces. There were other last minute benefactions.

"Look, Mitty, my Aunt's silver lustre bowl and ewer! And she's lending her mantel clock—it's French gilt. See, the lady's sort of reclining while Cupid holds out a wreath to her."

"Oh, sweet!"

"I wish we had some French novels."

"Why, Rosalind Clough!"

"Well, all I could find in translation were *Tales from Froissart* and *La Fontaine*."

"What I'd like is something more sumptuous for the floor than just braided mats. Anyway, I'm glad we did the wing chair in purple velvet—it looks like a throne."

"That's what worries me, Mitty. Maybe it was a mistake. I'm afraid it will remind the Queen of all she's lost."

Mitty sat down in the wing chair. The late fall sunshine fell on andirons polished until they shone, on the logs already laid. She thought Rosalind made needless work for herself, keeping white asters on the bedside stand. "I suppose your Father's ship will be coming in any day now," she remarked.

"Any day."

Mitty said suddenly, "You look awfully peaked."

"It's this waiting."

"You'd better tell me what's the matter, Rosalind Clough. Your wits have been wool gathering the whole afternoon."

"I just can't get over that dream."

"What dream?"

"The one I had last night. Oh, Mitty, I saw Father's ship sailing into port. Only the Sally was all silvery, with her masts and shrouds gleaming like frost. Even the wheel gleamed. Father stood at it. And Marie Antoinette was pacing the deck, praying and

wringing her hands. Oh, her hair was like pale moonlight."

"That was powder. All French ladies powder their hair."

"No. Father says her hair is quite white. And she's nearly blind from crying. Why should I have seen that ship? Maybe something's happened to the Sally. Oh, Mitty, I can't help feeling frightened. For the Queen, and Father—and Joseph."

They looked at each other in dismay.

Then Mitty said stoutly, "You're just borrowing trouble. Nothing ever has happened to the Sally." That was true. "She's been through two tropic hurricanes, and half a dozen nor'easters."

And nothing did happen to the Sally. Before many days she came safely to port. Captain Clough was there, and Joe Decker, and the crew—but the Queen was not aboard her.

Sitting beside his own hearth, Father told his family why the attempt to bring the Queen to Maine had failed. He had little Antoinette on his knee and Richard squeezed close to his side. The smoke of his pipe floated above their heads. Mother could scarcely take her eyes from his face. Rosalind listened in tense silence, her fingers clasped tightly in her lap. She didn't want to spoil the happiness of this family reunion with her unavailing grief and disappointment at the tragedy Father's words were unfolding.

The Queen's enemies had done their cruel worst, Father told them. That proud and lovely head had fallen from the guillotine.

It didn't bear thinking of. The only comfort in the unhappy story was the part Joseph had taken in the attempt to rescue Marie Antoinette. While the Queen's friends were making their secret arrangements and filling the hold of the Sally with her choicest possessions, Joseph had taken to the Conciergerie a bouquet of flowers for her. In the bouquet was concealed a note which explained the plot and gave Marie Antoinette the directions she must follow. As an inquisitive American, Joseph could get by the guards with his clumsy bunch of flowers. Only an American would have just that combination of boldness and blundering kindness which could be counted on to disarm suspicion.

Hiding the instructions in a bouquet was his own idea. Had he remembered the apple blossoms, that day they quarreled before the Sally sailed?

A guard at the Conciergerie had been bribed to take charge of the flowers and, if possible, to show Joseph into the damp, windowless cell where Marie Antoinette awaited her fate. But by some dismal mischance the bribed guard had been shifted elsewhere. When Joseph presented himself with his flowers, the soldier outside the Queen's door refused to admit him. This man accepted the flowers, but handed them to a second soldier, ordering him in French to search the bouquet.

And right there, Father said, Rosalind's "conversational French" had proved invaluable to Joseph. Without betraying the fact that he understood the order, he left the prison. Hurrying back to the Sally, he warned the Captain. To avoid trouble with the authorities, the ship must sail immediately.

Was it for Rosalind's sake that Joseph risked his liberty, perhaps even his life, to

carry that bouquet to the Conciergerie prison? Not for love of the Queen—she knew that. The knowledge of his bold deed washed away the bitterness of their misunderstanding.

"I'm concerned about those things down in the ship's hold," Father was saying. "I aim to keep them together. Joseph has made an invoice of the stuff, and tomorrow he's bringing them up here to stow under our roof. Rosalind, child, you'll open your eyes when you see what all I've brought. The grandest hand-painted furniture. And tapestries. And porcelains and vases and laces, and whole trunks full of magnificent gowns. The Sally never carried such a cargo!"

It was evident that Joseph felt as much responsibility as his Captain did about the Queen's possessions, seeing that the invoice checked, then getting those many boxes and barrels and crates over from the mainland to the house on Squam Island, and up the narrow stairs into the attic. Many of the larger pieces of furniture had to be uncrated, too.

Rosalind was glad that Joseph's care for these and directions to his helpers were so much on his mind that their first meeting after his return seemed a quite casual matter.

"Hello, Joseph!"

"Oh, hello, Rosalind!"

He took for granted her interest in the lovely things. Over one hamper which tinkled ominously when lifted, she uttered an exclamation of dismay. Opening it, she found Sevres chocolate cups, with the royal crown and delicately painted small landscapes as a background to romantic couples. But the dainty chocolate pot was broken.

"Oh, Joseph—smashed!"

He came over to see. "Yes, I suspected that. But come see this little cabinet inlaid

with ivory and ebony. And this pair of porcelain vases."

Rosalind came obediently. "Father says maybe some day the Princess Royal will be interested to claim them."

"That's right. During your father's lifetime the collection is not to be used or separated."

"The Queen was accustomed to such wonderful things. I wonder what she really would have thought of the room Mitty and I made ready for her."

He shook his head. Then he looked down into Rosalind's lifted face and his slow smile was understanding and kind. "I've never been sure," he said, "that we could have persuaded her to come away. Have you?"

That was something to think about. It would have meant leaving everyone she loved.

"Perhaps when one has suffered so greatly and lost all, death, even in its cruellest form, seems welcome."

Rosalind considered these suggestions soberly. The tears which she had been holding back rose hot against her eyelids.

But what was Joseph saying? "So I thought, on account of that 'Why don't they eat cake?' story, you'd be interested to know that 'cake' means something different to French people than it does to us. I found out that it is the name French bakers give to a piece of dough they always bake first, to see if the oven is of proper temperature to bake their loaves."

"You mean," Rosalind asked eagerly, "that the Queen could have had that kind of cake in mind, as being wholesomer than black bread?"

"That's right," Joseph said. "I guess it's that way with a lot of stories. Somebody twists them so they seem to mean something different from what the person really intended." It was his *amende honorable*.

Rosalind felt she, too, could afford to be generous. "Thank you for telling me. Would you like to see the room we got ready for her?"

They went down together to the door of the low-ceiled room, with its delicate green walls, its royal purple armchair, and the skirts of its dressing table brocaded in lilies. Joseph looked in silence at the quaint and gracious place. Tomorrow Mitty Smith would call for the mirror her mother had lent, the clock and the silver lustre ewer and basin would go back to Auntie. The Dresden sconces would go back to Grandmother.

"I wanted it to suggest lilies and lilacs, so we chose those colors," Rosalind said. It seemed easy today to talk to Joseph about anything, even things other people might make fun of. "I hoped to be her lady-in-waiting," she confessed.

"I know," said Joseph. Then, perhaps because the shadow still lingered on Rosalind's face, "I bought you a present when I was in Paris."

The surprise of that! "Did you, Joseph?" In her interest she came closer.

The present was in a small white velvet box. He seemed to feel that it required some explaining. "It's a ring. With a cameo."

He took the ring out of the box and put it on her finger. On the delicate rose of the cameo, someone had exquisitely carved a bouquet of flowers.

"Oh, Joseph, I love it!"

Joseph raised her hand to his lips and kissed it in courtly fashion. No lady-in-waiting, Rosalind felt, ever had her hand kissed more gallantly. Then he turned her hand over and kissed the palm, and the finger on which he had placed the ring. "I'm going to sea again with your father, but I'll be back," he said. "I'll be back, Rosalind—and that's a reminder to wait for me."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

with fruit mixture, cover, and put into refrigerator. Let stand at least ten hours before serving, to allow the marshmallows to become absorbed in the dressing. If the canned pineapple takes too many coupons, try fresh pears instead.

LENI LYNN, the young singer from Passaic, New Jersey, who made her movie debut in "Angels with Broken Wings," lists the popular *Waldorf Salad* at the top of her own favorites. "It has such a crunchy, chewy texture—you never get tired of it," she points out. "And it has lots of minerals and vitamins, too."

WALDORF SALAD

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| 1 part coarsely-chopped walnuts | 3 parts diced red apple (cored first, but skins left on) |
| 1 part seedless raisins | |
| 3 parts thinly sliced celery | |

Sprinkle salt over the celery, mix ingredients in a bowl, and squeeze over them a bit of lemon juice. Add enough mayonnaise, or boiled dressing, to moisten, and serve in lettuce cups.

This is also good when grated carrots are substituted for the walnuts or the celery. Leni adds

SALADS for STARS

VIRGINIA WEIDLER whips up a strange-sounding combination, which she says is a favorite with the Weidler clan. The list of ingredients forms a rhyme, Virginia added when she gave me the recipe, so you can always remember how to make it without getting out your cookbook. "Pickles and peas, peanuts and cheese," she chanted for me. "Isn't that easy to remember? It's a good salad for picnics, too." Here's her recipe:

PICKLES AND PEAS, PEANUTS AND CHEESE

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---|
| ½ pound package American cheese | 2 packages salted peanuts (about 3 ounces altogether) |
| 1 pound cooked peas, drained | Mayonnaise or boiled dressing |
| 3 or 4 large sweet pickles | |

Cube cheese and pickles, add peanuts which have been coarsely chopped, and the drained peas. Add enough dressing to moisten, being careful to stir it in without mashing the peas.

The nice thing about this salad is its keeping quality. It is perfect for lunch boxes or picnics, and just as good served on lettuce with the family dinner. If you have any salad left over, just pop it into the re-

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

frigerator and it will be just as good a day or two later. (One caution—be sure to get the big, oval peanuts. Don't get the little round Spanish peanuts with brown skins.)

Here is a recipe for homemade mayonnaise that will give your old salad recipes a new lease on life:

HOMEMADE MAYONNAISE

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 large egg yolk | ½ teaspoon dry mustard |
| ½ teaspoon salt | |
| 1 teaspoon sugar | 2 tablespoons lemon juice |
| Dash of paprika | |
| 1 cup salad oil | |

In a small bowl put the egg yolk and dry seasonings. Beat well, then add oil one tablespoon at a time, beating thoroughly between times. When it thickens, beat in the lemon juice and add the rest of the oil, two tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition. This will make about ½ pint. It is best when fresh, but may be stored in the refrigerator.

FOR a jelly salad that is as pretty as it is good, you will like the recipes Jane Withers uses for *Fresh Tomato Jelly* and its accompanying garnish of cheese-stuffed celery. Here they are, and Jane hopes you will like them.

FRESH TOMATO JELLY

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| 1 envelope plain gelatin (unsweetened and unflavored) | 1 stalk celery, sliced |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt |
| 2 cups chopped fresh tomatoes | 1 tablespoon lemon juice |
| | 1 tablespoon onion juice |

Mix cold water and powdered gelatin in a bowl and let stand. Boil tomatoes, celery, and salt for ten minutes over a very low fire. Then strain hot cooked tomatoes through a sieve into the gelatin mixture and stir until dissolved.

Grate an onion for juice (you can use the grater right over your bowl and guess when you have about a tablespoon of juice added.) Stir in lemon juice, pour into molds which have been rinsed in cold water, and chill. When the jelly is firm, unmold on lettuce and add a stalk of cheese-stuffed celery as a garnish. Mayonnaise, or boiled dressing, may be passed with this salad.

CHEESE-STUFFED CELERY

Wash and dry celery stalks. Mash some pimiento cheese with a fork, add a bit of cream to make it spread easier, and fill each celery stalk. For variation, use a creamy American cheese with a little finely chopped green pepper mixed in for color; or white cream cheese, with chopped chives or minced olives added. Mashed avocado, with salt, pepper, and a few drops of lemon juice, also makes a good stuffing for celery.

BONITA Granville contributes *Hollywood Hodgepodge Salad*, which is one of her favorite luncheon dishes. "It is practically a meal in itself," she says, "with fish and potatoes and vegetables all blended into one plate. I know the **AMERICAN GIRL** readers will like to put this one in their cookbooks."

HOLLYWOOD HODGEPODGE SALAD

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| 2 cups diced, cooked potatoes | 1 can fish, flaked (or left over fish) |
| 3 sliced hard-boiled eggs | $\frac{1}{2}$ Bermuda or sweet onion |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped pickles | |
| | 1 small garlic clove |

Mince garlic and onion, and mix well with other ingredients in a bowl. Pour over the mixture the following dressing:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon sugar |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salad oil | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt |

Beat dressing well, and mix thoroughly with potato mixture. It is a good idea to make this part of the salad early in the morning, so it can stay in the refrigerator all day.

Just before serving, add the following ingredients:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 head lettuce, torn into bite-sized pieces | 3 tomatoes, peeled, cut into eighths and salted |
| | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup salad oil |

Toss salad together and arrange on individual plates or in a salad bowl. Garnish with onion rings and watercress.

Bonita Granville has another favorite recipe, which is also a hearty kind of salad. (Continued on page 35)

Take good care of it!

(your Girl Scout Uniform, we mean)



What with materials and labor being diverted to the urgent needs of our fighting front, we just can't get enough uniforms to go 'round these days.

Make the uniform you have last longer and keep its good looks by taking good care of it—launder it carefully—mend rips and tears immediately—put it on a hanger (never, never on a hook or nail!) When you outgrow it, give it to your leader or another registered Girl Scout who needs it.

That way, you're doing your bit to conserve essential materials—and giving your Sister Scouts a chance to get *their* uniforms, too.

Don't forget—to buy War Stamps!



GIRL SCOUTS—National Equipment Service

Retail Shop
30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, N. Y.

Headquarters
155 East 44th St.
New York, N. Y.

Branch
1307 Washington Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.



THANK YOU, JULIA

SENECA, SOUTH CAROLINA: I received my April number of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* this afternoon, and nothing less than a tornado would keep me from writing to tell you that the April cover is positively the most exquisite which has ever appeared on *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I also want to thank you for printing that very appealing picture of the two foxes above the pretty poem, *Come Home*.

I will say this for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—it always carries the best of reading material.

I have had one letter printed on the *Penny for Your Thoughts* page, but I do not care whether this is or not, for I'm writing it to tell you of my great appreciation for such a magazine as this is. I think it is wonderful to live in a country where such material is put within the reach of the younger generation. It is such things that will cause us to grow up a people that will know beautiful art and fine literature when we see it. I'm sure all true American citizens feel just as I do.

Julia Rose Wright

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS: Margaret Bourke-White talked at our Forum about her recent experiences photographing with the Army Air Corps in North Africa. Since *THE AMERICAN GIRL* published an article about her recently, I thought you might like to hear more.

Miss Bourke-White said she had gone to England late last summer and was one of the correspondents who waited on a secret air field until the first American daylight bombing mission to the Continent returned—no planes missing. One crew she had photographed were acquiring a new B-17, and they asked her to name and christen it for them. Now a flying fortress is next to being human, so there was need for long deliberation. The day finally arrived and Miss Bourke-White christened it the *Flying Flit Gun*.

General Doolittle gave her permission to go to North Africa—and it developed she had to row part of the way. The speaker made it very emphatic that if your ship is ever torpedoed, you will know what hit you!

At the time of the Casablanca conference in North Africa she was near the front, scurrying around in a jeep taking pictures of German planes shot down the previous day.

If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts, attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York City

A penny for your thoughts

by her companion, Daniel Boone. (Yes, a descendant!)

As a climax of her work, just a few weeks ago she was allowed to accompany a large bombing group to Tunis. The War Department sees her pictures first and censors those used in *Life Magazine*.

Miss Bourke-White is much more vivid and pretty than her magazine picture. She wore her officer's uniform, an overseas cap, and she carried an officer's stick. Her ox-fords and bag (like a WAAC's, but minus a shoulder strap) were of russet leather. Her hair, shoulder-length, is black flecked with gray, and loosely waved.

Kankakee thought her very intelligent and charming, and I'm sure you would, too.

Betty Ruth Baird

FROM A GIRL SCOUT LEADER

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: After many years of reading your fine magazine, I got up the ambition to add my cheers to those you deservingly receive each month.

I have been in Scouting eleven years and have finally attained the position of leader in a Senior Troop. At present my girls are taken up with Civilian Defense work. It's marvelous to see the spirit in which they serve to the best that's in them. Saturdays at the hospital, Tuesdays at the A.W.V.S., and other important duties every day. I'm always grateful that Girl Scouts appreciate the true importance of little, monotonous, insignificant jobs during wartime. It certainly promises the silver lining to our present dark clouds.

Even as a leader, I love *THE AMERICAN GIRL* more than any other publication (except perhaps our own troop newspaper, the *Knapsack News*) and I assure you that leaders appreciate what the magazine does for our girls.

Bette Smart

ATHABASKA GLACIER

DAPP, ALBERTA, CANADA: I've taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for four years and I think it's the swellest magazine ever. I especially like Midge, Lucy Ellen Downing, and Yes-We-Can-Jancy—and I certainly enjoyed the article on Marion Anderson. Marion Anderson recently sang in Edmonton.

I am thirteen years old, and am in grade eight. I go to Junior High School in Dapp. I like to read very much.

I have visited in the United States and

I've been in many National Parks of Alberta, British Columbia, and the States. I have many souvenirs from these places.

The most amazing sight I ever saw was the Athabaska Glacier, in the Columbia ice fields on the Jasper-Banff Highway. It extends miles into the mountains. The ice is so thick that it is nearly an indigo blue. The people walking on it look like specks. While we visited there, we had the good fortune to see part of the glacier fall into the Athabaska River. At this glacier, where the Athabaska River starts, it is a small stream, but as it proceeds it becomes one of Canada's great rivers, emptying into Athabaska Lake.

Andrey Jorgenson

A GIRL SCOUT FAMILY

FISHTAIL, MONTANA: I'm fourteen years old and I've only had four copies of that wonderful magazine, *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. My mother gave it to me for Christmas. I could hardly wait until I received the first copy.

I've been a Girl Scout for years, and I've enjoyed every minute. Now my father has gone into defense work, so I cannot keep up my Scout work. I felt awfully bad about it. My mother has also been in Girl Scout work for several years. She was the assistant leader of the troop I belonged to.

My mom would try to start a troop now, but she is working as a bookkeeper in a store so she hasn't time. With Mom gone most of the time, my little brother and I are left alone a good deal. During that time I've been trying some of those wonderful recipes that you have in the magazine—but I guess Mom thinks I'm quite a flop.

Jane McCall

PATRIOTIC DOG

BROOKLINE, PENNSYLVANIA: I am twelve years old and have been receiving *THE AMERICAN GIRL* since a friend of ours gave me a subscription in January, 1940. Daddy just renewed my subscription for two years—and am I glad!

I want to tell you that we have a dachshund dog whose name is Pretzel. He is not allowed in the dining room while we are eating. Last Sunday night we had a dinner party and, after dinner, we all stood up to sing the *Star Spangled Banner*. While we were singing, Daddy pointed and we turned around—and there was Pretzel in the dining room, standing at attention on his hind legs.

Pat Murphy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

You have eaten macaroni and cheese served hot in a casserole dish—but have you tasted macaroni and cheese served cold as a salad? Take Bonita's word for it, it is really good, especially on a warm day!

BONITA'S MACARONI AND CHEESE SALAD

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 cup uncooked macaroni (or 3 cups cooked, left-over macaroni) | 2 tablespoons finely minced onion |
| 1 tablespoon vinegar | 1 cup sliced celery |
| 2 tablespoons salad oil | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped pickles |
| | $\frac{1}{4}$ pound tiny cubes of American cheese |
- Mayonnaise or boiled dressing

Boil macaroni twenty minutes in plenty of salted water. Drain and mix lightly in a bowl, with all the other ingredients except the mayonnaise. Put in refrigerator until ready to serve. (The flavors blend better if you make this up several hours ahead of time.)

Just before serving, stir in enough dressing to moisten, and serve in a bowl garnished with crisp watercress or curly endive.

FOR eating with turkey, you can't beat cranberry salad," says Shirley Temple. Then she adds with a grin, "But then, it's hard to beat cranberry salad for eating with anything." Shirley offers you two cranberry salad recipes that taste every bit as good as they look—and they do look good. The first one is a tart jelly salad, made with ground raw cranberries, combined with apples and pineapple:

SALADS for STARS

CRANBERRY FRUIT SALAD

- | | |
|---|----------------|
| 1 package red gelatin | 1 small can (9 |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot water | ounce) crushed |
| 1 cup finely chopped apple | pineapple |
| 1 cup raw cranberries, put through food chopper | |

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Cool, add apple, pineapple, and cranberries. Pour into wet molds and chill until firm. Serve on lettuce, and pass boiled or whipped cream dressing.

For a variation, try this recipe with lemon gelatin, and use a cup of chopped celery instead of the apple.

Shirley's second recipe uses fresh or canned cranberry sauce. Here it is:

RED AND GOLD SALAD

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------|
| Strained cranberry sauce | Cream cheese |
| 1 can sliced pineapple | Walnuts, chopped |

Cut cranberry sauce into slices about as thick as the pineapple slices. On each individual plate arrange a bed of crisp lettuce. Lay a slice of the cranberry sauce on the lettuce and arrange a pineapple slice evenly on top of it. Make large marble-sized balls out of the cream cheese, roll in the chopped walnuts, and place one in the center of each pineapple slice. Mayonnaise, boiled, or whipped cream dressing should be passed for this salad.

WHEN Ann Rutherford eats at the M-G-M studio café, she usually orders a cottage cheese and pear salad. It is made by putting a mound of cottage cheese on a bed of crisp

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

lettuce, and surrounding it with pear halves. In season, fresh pears which have been peeled and cored are used. Over her salad, Ann pours a whipped cream dressing.

Another favorite of Ann's is raw spinach salad, which is made as follows:

RAW SPINACH SALAD

- | | |
|--|--|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pound raw spinach, finely shredded | 4 hard-boiled eggs, diced and lightly salted |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ small, sweet onion minced fine | Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon |
| 2 stalks celery, thinly sliced | $\frac{2}{3}$ cup mayonnaise |

Chill ingredients and toss together with the mixed lemon juice and mayonnaise.

The last recipe is also a favorite from Ann Rutherford's cookbook. You'll like this for a luncheon salad, when you haven't any other last-minute dishes to prepare:

ANN'S SPECIAL STUFFED TOMATOES

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 4 peeled tomatoes | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery |
| 1 cucumber, sliced | 2 cucumbers, sliced |
| 2 spring onions, sliced | 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ground salami | Dash of salt |
| | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise |

Stand tomatoes right side up. With a sharp knife, make three slices straight through the center, almost but not quite to the bottom. This will form six "petals." Put each tomato in a lettuce cup, and stick a cucumber slice edgewise between each petal. Mix onions, salami, celery, eggs, salt, and mayonnaise, and fill the centers of the tomatoes with this mixture. Garnish the top with a gay sprig of parsley.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

"But, Mother," Lofty repeated, "I was in the pursuit of duty. Really, it's all right. I—"

"You are to go immediately and apologize to Mrs. Spofford," Lofty's mother said very clearly. "Any explanations you may be able to make to me, can wait."

Lofty set his face in what he hoped was a "I-regret-that-I-have-but-one-life-to-give-for-my-country" expression, and moved resolutely toward the neighboring Spofford house.

IT WAS unfortunate for Lofty's air of secrecy and importance that this happened to be one of the week-ends when his father managed to join the family at the shore. When he arrived, after a prolonged trip on a crowded train and a mile walk from the station, his frame of mind was not entirely co-operative. After listening to what Mrs. Ryder had to tell him, he summoned his son into his presence and demanded an explanation in tones that allowed no evasion.

"Oh, well," sighed Lofty, "I suppose I'll have to tell you. I wanted to wait until I could leave you simply speechless with pride by appearing in my white helmet and all that. To put it briefly, I am qualifying as a Junior Air Raid Warden."

"You're what?" said Mr. Ryder.

"You know some of us took the course at school, just before we left town," Lofty proceeded glibly. "Mr. Timkin was fearfully impressed by my notes. They haven't had any-

LOFTY'S INCIDENT

thing like it down here. How could they? Mr. Timkin is in charge of the sector, but he's quite rheumatically—and all the summer colony men are in town most of the time, like you, Dad. And the fishermen are in the Navy, and the local yokels are farming—and where does that leave the community for air raid protection? Absolutely defenseless! I don't think Mr. Timkin even knew what I meant by an incident."

"What did you mean?" inquired Mr. Ryder.

"A raid, of course. Bombs and things," said Lofty. "Only it's supposed to be better for civilian morale to refer to them as incidents. One has to familiarize oneself with the terrain—in the dark, as well as by day. Hence my practicing with my eyes closed. I was familiarizing myself with Mrs. Spofford's terrain, but she didn't seem able to understand my terminology. She was distinctly unco-operative."

"Hmp!" snorted Mr. Ryder.

"And they actually had their hose coiled up in the garage," Lofty continued in pained tones. "By the way, where is ours?"

"I lent it to Spofford last time I was down," said Mr. Ryder drily, "to water his lima beans."

Lofty blanched and gulped. "In that case," he said, "I suppose I ought to detach it from the Spofford's hose-bib. But that would leave them unprotected!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

"That is the sort of problem a warden ought to be able to work out for himself," commented Mr. Ryder. "For goodness' sake, now, let me get into some comfortable clothes and have my supper in peace. Afterward, you can go up to Spofford's and get that hose. I want to water the grass after supper—it looks all burned out."

"You mean," squeaked Lofty, "you mean I have to see Mrs. Spofford again?"

"After all, it's my hose," Mr. Ryder snapped.

"If I just go up and unscrew it . . ." pondered Lofty, and paused. "But if I mention it to Mrs. Spofford—" He gnawed his lip uneasily.

Food, and the change to a tennis shirt, revived Mr. Ryder's spirits wonderfully. His mood at the supper table was almost jovial.

"Well," he said, "we've been hearing about Lofty's contribution to the war effort. What about you, daughter?"

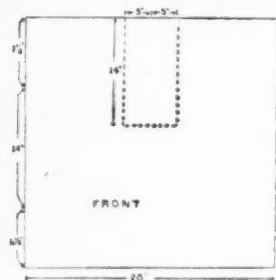
Bushy considered, and while she did so Lofty looked up from his salad and remarked, "Bushy's summer proceeds according to its usual aimless schedule. Collecting starfish on Sandy Island, I believe."

"That was your suggestion," Bushy protested. "I never said I was doing anything of the kind. As a matter of fact, I rather hoped something important might turn up on Sandy Island. It's an absolutely perfect place for it—just that quiet little sandpit and

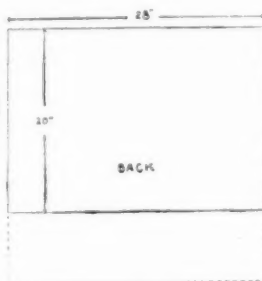


COOL, CHARMING, AND EASY TO MAKE

Make Yourself a DRAWSTRING DIRNDL



By
**ELIZABETH
ANTHONY**



EVEN with wartime restrictions on styles and scarcity of fabrics, there's no limit to the clothes which may come out of your scrap bag. In the blouse and skirt pictured, there is no problem of fastenings, either—just pull up the ribbons to fit! And when it's time for the washtub, whisk out the ribbons, wash, and iron perfectly flat.

This outfit doesn't even require a pattern. Here's how you do it. For the skirt, you'll need just two yards of gingham, percale, or chintz, and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of grosgrain ribbon, $\frac{3}{8}$ inch wide. Cut the fabric in half from selvage to selvage so that you have two pieces, each one yard long. With gingham, where the colors are woven, you can easily follow the line of the pattern in cutting. With printed fabrics, however, it is necessary to pull a thread and cut along it to get a straight edge.

To sew the pieces of the skirt together, place the two pieces right side to right side, and pin along the selvages. Baste and stitch the selvage edges together, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from the edge. With wash clothes you must be sure that the color of the thread will not run, so use a reliable mercerized sewing thread which is colorfast. Press the seams open.

To finish the top of the skirt, turn down, baste, and press a 4 inch hem evenly. Turn under the raw edge of this hem $\frac{1}{2}$ inch and baste fold to the skirt. Measure $\frac{3}{8}$ inch from fold edge at short intervals and mark. Stitch by machine along these marks. This makes a heading, or ruffle, at the top. In order to make three $\frac{5}{8}$ inch casings for ribbons, each $\frac{3}{8}$ inch apart, make 5 more rows of stitching at intervals of $\frac{3}{8}$ inch, $\frac{3}{8}$ inch, $\frac{3}{8}$ inch, $\frac{3}{8}$ inch, $\frac{3}{8}$ inch from first line of stitching in the order given. Pull thread ends through to wrong side, tie and clip. Cut the ribbon into $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard lengths and make a buttonhole, up and down, through each $\frac{3}{8}$ inch casing at the center front (not the top heading). (Be careful not to cut through lines of stitching.) Insert ribbons in casings and draw up to desired size.

Try the skirt on, to determine just how wide a hem will be necessary to make the skirt the length desired. For a skirt 29 inches long when finished, make a 3 inch hem at the bottom. To finish the hem, turn under $\frac{1}{2}$ inch along the raw edge and stitch close to the edge by machine. Then turn up the hem, baste, press, and blind hem-stitch by hand.

The blouse, made according to the following directions, will fit sizes 12 to 16. It is easily adjustable. For these sizes, $11\frac{1}{5}$ yards of soft cotton fabric such as broadcloth, voile, batiste, or lawn are needed. Cut a strip 8 inches wide off one selvage, so that the piece for the blouse measures 28 inches wide. On the length of the fabric measure 20 inches up from one end. Mark in several places and fold across. Pin along fold. This short piece is the back of the blouse, and the long piece is the front. Turn to the front and mark the center of the width on the fold. Measure 5 inches to each side of the center and mark. Measure 14 inches down from these markings and join all points. Cut out neckline as shown in diagram.

To finish the neck, cut $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide bias strips from 8 inch piece which was cut from side. To make the bias strips, fold one corner over so that it meets the opposite side. The fold edge is the true bias. Cut along the fold and cut strips $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, parallel to this edge. Join to make a strip long enough to go around the neck edge. Before applying bias strip to the neckline, turn under one short end of bias strip $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. Begin at front center and baste one edge of strip to neck edge, right sides together. When the strip has been basted all around the neck, cut off the piece which is left over, but allow $\frac{1}{2}$ inch as at the beginning. Stitch $\frac{1}{4}$ inch from edge. Turn under free edge of strip $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, baste and fold edge down on wrong side so that fold is slightly below the stitching line. Stitch by machine on right side, just under the edge. (Continued on page 42)

rocks, you know, so near the mainland and yet off by itself."

"What kind of important thing, dear?" Mrs. Ryder asked.

"Oh, you know," Bushy said lightly. "A black bag with maps and things in it, or maybe a box of dynamite and a Nazi uniform. Like those spies they did catch last year."

Bushy's mother paled visibly. "If there's even the faintest possibility of anything like that—" she began.

"Unfortunately, I haven't found a thing," Bushy said sadly, "though I've combed Sandy Island more thoroughly than it ever got combed before. I did find Margie Olmsted's pet bathing cap, that she left out there last summer when we all went swimming from the shoal. I really thought I had something! Just the shiny black edge of it sticking up in the sand."

Mrs. Ryder shuddered, and Lofty looked supercilious.

"Each to his taste," he observed. "Let Beatrice play at catching spies, and I shall continue familiarizing myself with the terrain."

"If you say 'familiarizing yourself with the terrain' once more," cried Mr. Ryder, "I shall turn that hose on you!"

Lofty, who had momentarily forgotten the hose, fell silent.

MR. TIMKIN still seemed disposed to avoid what he called "high-falutin' city talk," such as referring to an "incident."

"If bums begin to drop," said he, "the way we'd do it 'round here, everybody would skeddaddle for the dunes and lay low till they stopped a-droppin'. Anyways, I can't figger why them Axes would be wastin' bums on a place like this."

Lofty was rather inclined to agree with him, but he nevertheless felt that the community should be instructed in the accepted technique. He was privately pained to learn that, even if he should qualify as a Junior Air Raid Warden, he would receive no white ARP helmet. Mr. Timkin, it seemed, merely tied a handkerchief around his arm during a practice blackout, and covered his flashlight with a piece of red cellophane. It was all most deplorable, Lofty thought.

A cheering ray was Marjorie Olmsted's wholehearted admiration for his efforts. She and her mother co-operated one hundred per cent when Lofty familiarized himself with the Olmsted terrain.

"But," he told them, as he was being regaled with cookies after his labors, "the attitude of some people is hard to understand. When I asked one lady how old she was—we're supposed to know where aged and infirm persons are located, you know—she practically pushed me down the steps with a broom. Then there was that old man who lives in the dunes at the end of the road. When I inquired where his pails of sand were, and what he proposed to do if an incendiary bomb should find ingress into his dwelling—he said he'd simply chuck it out the door. He said the Lord Almighty had put more sand out there than anybody could lug inside in a bucket."

Margie wrinkled her pretty forehead. "Well, when you come to think of it," she said, "that's really a very sensible point of view."

Lofty sighed. "But it's not the accepted technique," he protested. "It's so hard to

make these people understand that they must act not as individuals but as a constructively instructed group-unit."

Oh, Lofty," cried Margie, passing him the last cookie, "you ought to be at the head of some great organization! You have such a broad vision."

Lofty choked appreciatively on a crumb and rifled the pages of his notebook self-consciously. They now contained detailed data on the obstacles, fire hazards, location of hose bibs, exits and entrances, of most of the cottages at the shore.

"Of course," he told Margie, "this really should be written up as a report to my post warden, except that there isn't any. And I doubt if old Timkin would trouble to read it."

"You ought to be post warden," said Margie. "You could be anything, Lofty, if you really set about it."

What a wonderful girl Margie was, thought Lofty. Always so understanding, always so appreciative of one's aims and ideals—one's unspoken ambitions. Not like one's family.

IT WAS his feeling for Marjorie that made him pace the darkened porch of the Ryder cottage so nervously a few evenings later.

"What's the matter?" inquired Bushy, coming out. "Your ARP duties weighing on your mind?"

"Certainly not," said Lofty. "It's those girls—they went out this afternoon in that big scow of the Jarvises, Loretta Wentworth and the Jarvis girls, and—and Margie."

"What of it?" asked Bushy. "They've all been out in a rowboat before, seems to me."

Lofty ground his teeth. "They're not in yet," he said. "I went down to the boat-house to see, and the boat's not there. They'll never get in at this rate—it's as black as the River Styx. We always used to be able to turn on the floodlight on the skid to get people in. Now there isn't a light that you can see, all along the shore."

"H'm," said Bushy. She sniffed. "Sort of foggyish, too."

"Isn't like Margie," Lofty said. "Think I'll go down there again."

"Why don't you call some of them up and find out if perhaps they got in after all?" Bushy wondered.

"The boat isn't there, I tell you," Lofty snapped. "Maybe if I go down there and yell—if they're trying to find the skid—" His words dwindled away as he stepped off the porch and vanished into the blackness.

It was cosier indoors, Bushy thought. She was not really worried about Margie and the other girls—not much worried. All of them had grown up on the water. The Jarvises' big four-oared boat was seaworthy. No one was allowed to go outside the first buoy this summer, anyway. Bushy might as well settle down and read. Instead, she called up the Olmsteads. It was Margie who answered the telephone.

"Why, we got in half an hour before dark," she said. "No, we left the boat at the Jarvises' float instead of at the boat-house—it was nearer. You mean Lofty's been worried? How sweet of him!"

"How dumb of him," said Bushy as she hung up.

At that instant, a horrid sound shattered the intense quiet of the fogbound darkness.

A shrill, urgent, fluctuating wail, portent of disaster—the air raid siren, blowing a persistent warning.

Mrs. Ryder hurried downstairs. "What is it—what is it?" she cried, struggling with the blackout curtains.

"Practice test, I suppose," said Bushy, turning off the kitchen light.

There's been no announcement of such a thing," Mrs. Ryder said. "They oughtn't to make it a complete surprise!" She paused a moment. "It—it couldn't possibly be the real thing?"

"Gosh, do you suppose it could?" A gleam of excitement lit Bushy's face. "Well, we'll just have to wait and see what happens next."

Mrs. Ryder hastened upstairs again to make sure the hall light was off. The inexorable voice of the siren continued to pierce holes in the night.

"Didn't know they even had a siren down here," muttered Bushy. "They must have to use the one at the—" She stopped short, quivering like a dog that scents a familiar trail—then dashed out of the front door and sprang off the piazza. "Good gracious! I know exactly what it is," she told herself as she ran. "And I know exactly what's happened!"

Mrs. Ryder, of course, would have forbid den her daughter to set foot outside the cottage, but by the time that anxious lady came downstairs again, Bushy was halfway down the hill, stumbling in the pitch-dark sandy road. Not a glimmer of light showed in the village. From porches and side doors excited voices were raised in varying degrees of puzzle ment, apprehension, and even fright.

Bushy stormed into the boathouse, out of breath and thoroughly angry. As she had expected, it was the shadowy form of her brother she perceived beside the siren.

"Stop that thing!" she shouted. "You utter dim-out—do you know what you're doing?"

Lofty turned to her in calm scorn. "I am trying," he said, "to guide those poor girls to the skid. You may recall that on a foggy night, when the floodlight doesn't show, it is our usual procedure to sound the siren."

"Not *this* summer it isn't!" Bushy shouted. "Do you realize, Edward Ryder, that you've been blowing an air raid warning for the last ten minutes, and that this village is all blacked out and sitting shivering and waiting for bombs?"

Lofty opened his mouth to say something, then forgot to close it. In the dim circle of his flashlight, Bushy could see the face of the Junior Air Raid Warden go a curious shade of grayish-green. His voice came out in a series of almost unintelligible squeaks.

"Wh-what—shall I do—now? Oh, my golly, what?"

Bushy seized the pull cord of the siren and held it down.

"First thing to do, naturally," she screamed above the steady blast, "is to sound the All Clear. After that, it'll be up to you to do the explaining."

There was a great puffing and stamping, and Mr. Timkin, his handkerchief tied around his arm and his flashlight glaring ominously red, appeared at the big doorway.

"Who in tarnation been workin' that siren?" he bellowed. "What in blazes—? Oh, it's you!"

Words failed him. Words had also failed

Lofty, so Bushy did the explaining. "The funny part of it is," she concluded, "the girls got in half an hour before dark and left the boat at the Jarvises' pier."

Lofty seemed to be two or three sizes smaller than she remembered him, as she glanced at him. To her satisfaction, she could see through the wide door glimmers of dimmed-out light appearing here and there in the village. She could imagine relieved people turning on lamps, relaxing tense attitudes.

Mr. Timkin turned to Lofty. "So, Edward L.," he said ominously, "you just plain walked in here and threw this law-abidin' village into a panic. Now I want to find out who had sense enough to pull that All Clear?"

"Naturally, it was the first thing to do," said Bushy.

"So you done it, Beetriss," said Mr. Timkin. "Well, I want to know!"

Lofty found his tongue. "You—you must admit," he babbled, trying to gather up the shattered shreds of his dignity, "you must admit that as a practice test it was an unqualified success. The response of the civilian personnel was magnificent—the blackout was complete."

"In this village," rasped Mr. Timkin, "we don't have practice tests without no warnin' at all. It ain't fair. Folks was likely thinkin' 'bout them Axes would start a-droppin' bombs. Well, Edward L., I reckon you'll have to make one of them high-falutin' reports to State headquarters. You can use all yer fancy words."

"Can't it be described as—as a most regrettable misapprehension?" Lofty wondered miserably. Mr. Timkin looked at him sourly.

"Might call it an incident, hey?" he suggested. Lofty bit his lip. "By the way, Beetriss," went on Mr. Timkin, "how'd you like to come in, now and again, and help me with some of the reports and such? You know, makin' phone calls and fillin' out some of these plaguey forms and like that? Hard for me to keep up with all this Civilian Defense along with my post office work. I like a good sharp youngster that can keep her head and use it. You'd be a real help to me."

"YOU mean really do something in the war effort?" cried Bushy. "I did try to find evidence of spies on Sandy Island, but it didn't work. Oh, I'd love to, Mr. Timkin."

"Edward L. needs to do a little more familiarizin' himself with the terrain and learnin' that a warden has to remember everythin', not just some things," Mr. Timkin drawled. "Sech things as that when floodlightin' skids is forbidden, hollerin' on sirens won't do instead. Well, I dessey the Coast Guard'll want to talk to you in the mornin', Edward L. Goodnight, all. You drop into the post office any time you're a mind to, Beetriss."

His ruddy flashlight bobbed off into the night.

Bushy and Lofty scuffed slowly along the dim road that led homeward. On the crest of the hill they could see the faint glow from their own shaded living room.

"I think I'll drop in at the post office tomorrow morning," Bushy reflected. "What are your plans for tomorrow, Edward L.?"

Lofty kicked a spurt of sand ahead of him. "I believe," he said morosely, "that I shall begin collecting starfish."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

What a laugh all Harkness must be getting at her, Mary Fred, going so stary-eyed over Dike Williams's attentions!

She cringed with the shame of it. Shame was different from grief, or anxiety. You could share that with the ones you loved, just as Elizabeth shared with them her anxiety over not hearing from Don. But Mary Fred could only hug her shame close.

Lila came to the kitchen door, flushed and happy. "He's going over to our house for supper. Mother likes him."

"Who?" Mary Fred asked stupidly.

"Private Clancy," Lila answered. "Isn't he nice, Mary Fred? And he's so big—and such a wonderful laugh. Only look, don't let on to Mother that I think he's *de-gee*, will you?"

"No," Mary Fred promised.

"*De-gee*" was another Harkness High term that talked a whole sentence. In Harkness vernacular, it meant, "He's the most wonderful thing in life." The antonym for "*de-gee*" was "*de-gaw*," spoken with an accent of disgust on the last syllable.

Lila said, as she left the kitchen, "I'll let on to Mother that I think he's a clod."

Mary Fred looked up from the icing she was spreading on her cake. There was much thumping on the back porch before Johnny and his friend, Carlton, with a sack of potatoes between them, pushed open the door. "We went out in the country," Johnny panted, "and bought these from a farmer. They're cheaper that way. We can make a lot of things out of potatoes, can't we, Mary Fred?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Show enthusiasm, can't you? All the potatoes we can use, and they're uncracked, unbroken, unspilled."

Part of Mary Fred longed to go to Johnny and put her head on his shoulder and sob out, "Oh Johnny, I'm all cracked and spilled and broken inside! I can never go back to Harkness High and be laughed at. You'll be ashamed you're in the same school."

FINALLY the evening meal was over. Johnny waved Mary Fred out of the kitchen. He was the cleaner-upper-to-night. And she was glad to get out. She went to see if Mr. Chips had tipped over his water bucket; he had a short-sighted habit of doing that.

And Norberty and Mary Fred had roughly partitioned off one side of the garage for the black horse and had covered the cement floor with a heavy coating of straw. Already it had the smell of a stable—of horse and leather and saddle soap and alfalfa hay. Mr. Chips whinnied in welcome as she opened the door. He nuzzled her with rough affection.

Standing there with her arms around his warm neck, she could no longer keep back her grief—the woeful truth crashed down on her. It was all so stabbingly clear. And Norberty was right—it was the hardest fall she had ever had. Great sobs shook her.

They had partly spent themselves when she became conscious of the smell of that pungent dark liniment Ander used on Mr. Chips—and then of Ander's presence.

He said, "I'm late getting over to rub him to-night—had to stay late at school." He came over closer, touched her arm which, along with Mr. Chips's neck, sheltered her tear-swollen face. He asked gently, "What happened to hurt you so, Mary Fred?"

MEET the MALONES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

There was no use pretending to Ander. She took a minute to grope for her handkerchief, to let one sob jerk itself to a hiccupping finish. Her voice was heavy and thick. "I can never go back to school again. I can't stand everyone laughing at me. And they'll all know—the night of the Formal they'll all know, in case there's anyone who doesn't know now." She had to stop to control her voice and then she went on, "I've just been wishing I could break my leg so I'd have an excuse for not going."

"None of that makes sense," Ander said. "Tell me in words of one syllable—and in chronological order."

She told him and, at the story's finish, she said with ragged vehemence, "So you see why I can't face everyone there after I've made such a fool of myself. You don't know what talk is like—it's like wildfire that just sweeps on and on."

Ander was thoughtfully turning the bottle of liniment upside-down, then right-side up. He spoke as though he were thinking aloud. "Yes, talk is something like wildfire that gets clear out of hand. And fires are plenty destructive. I've fought a lot of them. There's only one sure way to stop a prairie fire—and that's to set one of your own. Then, when the fire comes to the burned place, it has to stop because it can't go any farther. They call it setting a backfire. So look here, Mary Fred, you set your own backfire."

"How?"

"You tell everyone yourself that Dike Williams only went with you because you are Martie Malone's daughter. You laugh about it yourself."

Mary Fred thought that over, while Ander rubbed liniment on Mr. Chips's strained leg. "Yes, I could do that," she said slowly. "I could let on that I didn't care—that I knew all the time. I could say he was still crazy about Sylvia."

"That's it!"

"Only," she said, "I've told everyone I was going to the Formal. I've even talked with the others about what dress I'd wear. If I don't go, they'll know that I expected Dike to take me and that he let me down."

"Did you tell everyone you were going with Dike Williams, or did they just take it for granted you were?"

Mary Fred's bruised mind went sorting through all those conversations in the halls, in the lunchroom, in chem lab, on the way home. "No," she murmured, "no, I don't believe I ever said right out that I was going with Dike—not even to-day when Norberty asked me. I just said I was going."

"Okay, that's swell! Then how about having a date—how about going with me? There's no law against going with a fellow outside of school, is there?"

"Oh, no, but—but could you stand it?" She knew Ander's two loves were horses and Pre-med. He wanted to be through Pre-med by the time he was twenty, so he could enlist in the Medical Corps.

He answered honestly, "I can take it for one night. I'll get out my Tux, and I'll ask Aunt Lu if she'll lend me her big car. As I've told you many a time, Aunt Lu is swell. And for the prom, I'll kick through with a corsage in the grand manner."

Mary Fred laughed, a wan chuckle. He seemed to sense that her handkerchief was

a sodden wad and he pulled out his. He wiped her eyes and patted her on the shoulder. "Now scoot in, you're all shivery. I'll rub down the nag."

Mary Fred climbed the stairs to Elizabeth's room. Even her body had a beaten, heavy feel to it. She sank down on the foot of Elizabeth's bed.

THE room was dimly lighted by a soft bed lamp. Elizabeth sat in the rocker before the fire, nursing the baby. The rocker squeaked gently as he drowsed off to sleep. They were like a Madonna picture with the firelight flickering over them. The baby's hand was the last of him to succumb to sleep; it kept flailing back and forth until Elizabeth folded it into her own. Some of the room's warmth and peace enfolded Mary Fred.

Elizabeth laid the sleeping baby on the two chairs fixed with pillows and blankets and drawn up beside her bed. She began unpacking the lost suitcase, putting small stacks of clothes in the dresser.

"Look," she said, "this is the first night-gown we made—and see how big we got the neck! I couldn't figure out what to do, but Don suggested putting a drawstring in it." She laughed reminiscently. "He said his grandmother used to have drawstrings in his clothes. And, Mary Fred, here's what Don's buddy gave the baby—he bought it down at the Mexican market." She held up a brightly painted Mexican doll, with a tinsel trimmed skirt, and hair that might have come out of a horse's tail. "I guess the poor fellow never heard of sanitary toys," she added.

Elizabeth sat there, happily reminiscent, with the small garments about her. "These baby clothes are such a part of Don's and my evenings together. Here is the blanket I learned feather-stitching on. I couldn't seem to keep my stitches even, or on the right slope. And once I got it all wrong, and it was Don who noticed it. He said it was like a rail fence that one push would send over."

"Elizabeth, were you in love many times?"

The older girl held the baby clothes and looked back over the years which preceded them. "I thought I was—and it's practically the same thing."

"Were you ever in love with anyone who didn't give a doggone about you?"

"Oh, yes," Elizabeth said matter-of-factly, "and that's like having the mumps or the chicken-pox—not fatal, but painful while it lasts."

That was small comfort to Mary Fred. This feeling she had for Dike Williams, this ache because he didn't care, felt so permanent.

Elizabeth was reminiscing. "Did I ever tell you about 'winning Don'—that's the way he puts it." She laughed gaily. "I was all raptures because I had a grand date with him. We were going to a football game, and I had a new coat and I even gave my face a cold pack—if you can imagine having your face feel like a board half the night!—and I was to wear a big corsage. And then that fool wisdom tooth of mine started up. Well, I went anyway and when I'd open my mouth to cheer, the cold air would hurt awfully. And it began swelling and swelling. I tried to carry it off, even though it was like a sledge hammer pounding my jaw. And then Don saw what was the matter and he rushed

(Continued on page 30)



Latch and Grow Scout

Data

TEACHER: John, can you use the word data in a sentence?

JOHN: I would like to data WAAC.
—Sent by PHYLLIS MORAD, Buffalo, New York.

Too Late

The sergeant in charge of the new recruits ordered, "Men, when I blow the whistle I want you to shoot at will."

At that moment one very frightened young man tore across the ground and was out of sight in a second.

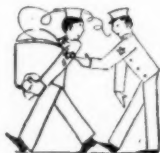
"Who was that—and where is he going?" bellowed the sergeant.

"Sir, I'm afraid we are all a little late, because there goes Will," replied one of the recruits.—Sent by ANN MILLER, Quantico, Virginia.

Casus Belli

An old woman climbed wearily into a London bus, dropping and retrieving parcels. She finally collapsed in her seat, remarking indignantly, "I do wish that Hitler would marry and settle down."—Sent by JOHANNA WACKERLE, Bay City, Michigan.

Wide Variety



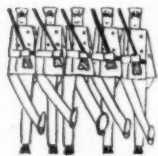
PRIVATE: What's on the menu tonight?

COOK: Oh, hundreds of things!

PRIVATE: What?

COOK: Beans.—Sent by MARILYN MCINTOSH, Rockford, Illinois.

The Prize-Winning Joke Shining Exception



MRS. JONES: Oh, look! Here comes the parade down the street.

MRS. BROWN: Yes, and do you notice that everybody is out of step but my Johnny?—Sent by MILDRED ZORETICK, North Braddock, Pennsylvania.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

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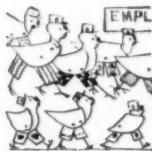
Two maids were talking. "Times ain't so good," said one. "Boss don't never give me tips no more."

"Me, neither," said the other. "Things been tough ever since the duration."—Sent by LUELLA DOHLSTROM, Owosso, Michigan.

Production

With America's plane factories working at top speed, the story is told that at one of them they built a plane in five hours. Five minutes later a pilot took off in it, and six hours later he landed, "Am in Australia. Please send motor."—Sent by THERESA SCHUMAKER, Clay Center, Kansas.

War Work



JUNIOR: Daddy, do you know why eggs have gone up?

DADDY: No, son. Why?

JUNIOR: Because the hens are busy making shells for Uncle Sam.—Sent by JOANN BENTON, Opp, Alabama.

One of the Family

Some soldiers were drilling in camp one day when the sergeant called, "Companee! Halt!"

One soldier failed to halt. When he was asked why he hadn't done what he was ordered, he replied, "Well, I've been here three weeks already, and I didn't think I was company any more."—Sent by MARLYN PIEHL, Hector, Minnesota.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

me down out of the stand and downtown to a dentist friend of his. The dentist had to lance it—and I cried. Oh, what a mess I was, with one eye bleary and swollen shut! Don brought me home and taught me how to gargle. That was the afternoon we knew that when you loved each other—you loved each other."

Mary Fred added, "And they lived happily ever after."

Elizabeth said earnestly, "I don't think they thought to end stories for children like that. It gives them the wrong idea. There's happiness in love—oh, happiness that shakes you and enriches you—but so much ache and emptiness, too."

"You talk so old," Mary Fred sighed.

"War makes you old. It puts so much living into such a short time. It shows up your strong spots and your weak spots," Elizabeth reached out and lifted Mary Fred's hand to her warm cheek. "You have to love anybody awfully hard these days, Mary Fred. But love is nicer if you like them, too. Or doesn't that make sense?"

"Not too much," admitted Mary Fred. She hadn't thought about liking Dike. Instead, there was that excited lifting of her heart when she saw him coming toward her.

MARY FRED dressed the next morning with fingers as shaky as she herself was inside. To-day, at Harkness High, she must set the backfire to protect her from tongues of talk that were as destructive as tongues of flame.

The morning was gray and cold, a day without a heart. She was glad to have the storm-ridden sky and wind as an excuse for her teeth-chattering as she fell into step beside Lila. Janet and Alberta joined them. Mary Fred wished one of them would open the subject of the Spring Formal.

Three other girls joined them as they came within sight of Harkness. If only one of them would mention something about the event, the thought of which kept Mary Fred's teeth chattering. But no one mentioned dresses, corsages, or prom. Mary Fred plunged in. "I suppose everyone at school thinks I'm going to the Formal with Dike Williams—but I'm not. I'm going with Ander Erhart—you know the nephew of Mrs. Socially-Prominent Adams next door to us."

PADEREWSKI ~ Pianist and Patriot

when grief and discouragement had wrapped themselves around him like a thick black cloak, roused him and spurred him on to study and achievement.

The year 1879 was a golden one for young Paderewski and for his father—who was then old and more than half blind—for in that year the boy graduated with honors from the conservatory. Jan Paderewski, who was present for the occasion, had the happiness of hearing Professor Roguski say confidently that his son, of all his pupils, gave the most promise of winning fame. This made young Ignacy Paderewski happy, too—but there was another reason for his happiness, and that was in his love for Antonina Korsak. Shortly after his graduation, they were married. In this year, too, his first composition, *Impromptu in F Major*, was published by Banarski.

The young couple set up a modest house-

MEET the MALONES

"You are?" Lila italicized both the words. "You mean you aren't going with Dike Williams?" someone else asked her.

Mary Fred made her voice light. "Oh no, he'll be going with Sylvia! He's really crazy about her—she's the queen!" She had to bend over, pretending to fish a bit of ice out of her shoe, before she could trust her voice. "He was just giving me a second-hand rush because my father's Martie Malone—and well up in sport circles. Oh, Dike's all right and it's fun to be with him."

Lila said stanchly, "One day in Design someone insinuated that Dike was just rushing you to get in with Martie Malone, but I didn't believe it."

"He's the type," Janet said promptly. "He couldn't stand up under the spoiling he got because he's such a wonderful athlete. He's on the make."

Alberta evaded Mary Fred's eyes. "I heard it, but I didn't know you knew it."

"Oh, sure," Mary Fred said loudly. "Any fool would have known. Why, the very first afternoon he gave it away, asking me about Father being such a bosom pal of Coach Hibbs at State. He wants to go to State because Sylvia's going there. Oh gosh, yes—any fool would have known!"

They were going up the thirty-two steps into the din of Harkness High's halls two minutes before starting time. Well, she had touched the match to the grass that would start a backfire and stop the oncoming one. But her knees felt wobbly under her; the books in her arms were suddenly a leaden weight.

Lila, the loyal, must have sensed Mary Fred's uneasiness of heart for she reached for her hand and squeezed it hard. And Janet, the discerning, flashed her a smile and said under her breath, "We're with you, kid."

Evidently the flame spread in this direction and that. At noon Mary Fred, in the lunchroom in all the clatter of dishes and voices and scraping of chairs, was saving seats for Lila and Janet and Alberta, who had stopped at the lunch counter. Almost without looking up, she saw, or rather sensed, the broad-shoulderedness of Dike Williams coming toward her. He was balancing his usual two hamburgers and a tall glass of orange juice on his plate.

hold in Warsaw. Antonina gave music lessons to children, and Ignacy taught at the conservatory. In their spare moments they talked eagerly of the future when Ignacy would study in Berlin and afterward start concert tours. Before the tours, there was to be a glorious holiday in the Tatra Mountains. Then, suddenly, all their happy plans were shattered; Antonina Paderewski died in giving birth to their son, Alfred. For four years, Ignacy lived in grief and solitude. It was Madame Modjeska who finally persuaded him to go to Berlin and study under the famous Frederick Kiel.

After a year of hard work in the German capital, Paderewski returned to Poland, anxious to begin a concert tour—and yet without confidence enough in himself to do so. When he was still in his teens, he and two ambitious friends had started a tour in

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His black hair always looked as though a wet comb had just been run through it—and indeed it had. The comb was sticking out of the breast pocket of his loose-hanging leather jacket. He said, "What's this, my pet? I've heard ugly rumors this morning—that you're dated up for the Spring Formal with some Gene Autry gent fresh from the plains of Wyoming. Say it isn't so!"

Oh, Dike, what a poor actor you are! I hope I can put on a better act than that. You're so relieved that you don't have to ask me! But you want to pretend that you planned to take me. It is to laugh.

"That's it," she smiled. "Just wait till you see him! He's a rodeo hero with a pile of books under his arm, on account of he's going to Pre-med."

"I never thought you'd let me down with such a thump," he said. Lila heard that as she came up with her ham sandwich. This white-bread sandwich was Lila's one defiance of maternal dominance; her mother made her eat whole-wheat bread at home. "Well, anyhow," went on Dike, taking a huge bite out of his hamburger sandwich and edging on through the food-bearing, china-clacking melee, "you'd better save a lot of dances for me—or else!"

"As though I wouldn't," she said, and her fingers began fumbling at the string around her lunch.

"For goodness sake," she scolded herself, "stop being all shivery inside. You're on safe ground now. The talk will go just so far, and then it'll stop. Now they can't say, 'Isn't it a shame for Mary Fred to fall like a ton of brick for Dike Williams when he's only giving her a run-around!' Now they'll say, 'Mary Fred is going to the Formal with some other fellow. She knew all along that Dike just wanted to get next to her father so he'd say a good word to Coach Hibbs at State. Yes, and Mary Fred just laughs about it.'" She finished unwrapping her parcel of lunch, began eating it in a daze, her thoughts repeating the conversation with Dike.

"Hey, goon," Alberta laughed. "what are you eating your cake for first?"

It was Mary Fred's own apple-sauce cake with the seven-minute icing. And she had thought she was eating her cheese sandwich!

(To be continued)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Russia, and it had met with disastrous failure. While he was hesitating, Madame Modjeska, home from a successful season in America, came to his assistance with sage advice; he should come to her home in the Tatra Mountains for a rest. It was while he was in her sequestered and beautiful chalet that he wrote his *Tatra Album, Opus 12*, which he later played for the first time at a concert in Poland's ancient capital of Krakow. With the money he earned at this concert, Paderewski went to Vienna to study under a friend he had made in his student days, Theodore Leschetizky, who taught him technique and assisted him in arranging programs for several concerts.

Here, in the romantic city of the Danube, Paderewski made a new friend, and to the day of his death he esteemed this friendship as a great triumph. The friend was Johannes

Brahms, who, then as now, was always referred to as "the genius Brahms." The word "genius" had attached itself to him after Robert Schumann, upon hearing one of his compositions, had shouted in great enthusiasm, "Gentlemen! Hats off! A genius!"

This stern-visaged genius, who was as famous for his dour manners and his secluded way of life as for his music, so far forgot his restraint as to visit the young Polish musician's home at No. 46 Anastasius Grün-Gasse. He listened to Paderewski play his own compositions and the compositions of others. The gloom left Brahms's countenance; he smiled a deep and thoughtful smile, a little anxiety mingled with his delight. After a long silence, he told Paderewski that he believed his road to great fame lay in interpretation, not in composition.

From Vienna Ignacy Paderewski went to Paris, where he was called "the lion of Paris," not because of his music triumphs, even though they were great, but because of his flowing, golden hair, like the streaming mane of a lion. Amusing though the appellation was, it gave promise of causing Paderewski some difficulty when he crossed from France to England. The English people had no wish to do homage to an artist acclaimed so extravagantly by Parisians. They preferred to hear and judge for themselves. At first they lent their ears reluctantly, and chiefly because of the persuasion of a few of Mr. Paderewski's friends, one of whom was Lady Barrington. Then, one day, the court circular carried a piece of news that attracted considerable attention—the Polish pianist, Ignacy Paderewski, had been to Windsor to play before Queen Victoria. The record of this visit has a great deal of human interest in it. The musician was received by Princess Beatrice, the Queen's youngest daughter, and later the Queen was wheeled in, in a chair, accompanied by Princess Louise. The Queen talked of her music master, Mendelssohn, and she asked Paderewski many questions about his native land. He was both delighted and astonished at the knowledge of his country she displayed—especially so, because in those days many people seemed to think that Poland was a part of Czarist Russia.

After London and Windsor came New York. The time was November 3, 1891, and Ignacy Paderewski was thirty-one years old. He had come to the United States under the auspices of the piano firm of Steinway, and that company had guaranteed him thirty thousand dollars for eighty concerts. On a cold and windy evening, toward the end of that gloomiest of months, Paderewski went from the Windsor Hotel to Carnegie Hall to give his first American concert. Walter Damrosch conducted the orchestra.

The concert was a triumph—and it was something more. Triumphs come and are forgotten, but this concert was the beginning of a lifelong friendship—Paderewski's friendship with the American people. He was a patriot; his loyalty to his country was as intense and enduring as his love for music, yet if he could have held allegiance to two countries, certainly the second one would have been the United States. Here he made many friends. Mark Twain was one of them, Andrew Carnegie was another, Joseph Pulitzer was another—and he never forgot a young man named Herbert Hoover, whom he first met in San Jose, California, and who, very many years later, after the first World War, assisted a starving Poland.

San Jose, in the nineties, was a beautiful but sleepy little town. Two students of Leland Stanford University decided to wake it up by bringing to its concert hall the Polish pianist, Ignacy Paderewski; then giving concerts and winning acclaim in San Francisco. They approached the musician; he agreed after they assured him two thousand dollars for the concert. With diligence and enterprise, the two set about doing publicity for the event—billboards, announcements, box office rush. The eager purchase of tickets resulted in sixteen hundred dollars. The concert day came nearer and nearer. The managers felt their optimism waning, and finally, in desperation, they went to Mr. Paderewski. He listened attentively, then told them that rent and advertising must come first, then their commission, and, finally, his remuneration—which, in this case, could not be two thousand dollars, but what was left from the sixteen hundred.

WHEN Paderewski returned to Europe after this long tour, there were at least three people awaiting his return with restless impatience.

One was Mr. Jan Paderewski, who lived in a comfortable house which his son had bought for him in the Ukrainian town of Zhitomir—and to him Ignacy Paderewski went at once from Hamburg. He found him very frail, but eager as a child to hear descriptions of every concert his son had given, and to have concert programs and press reports read to him.

Another person who looked forward impatiently to the musician's arrival was his son, Alfred, now in his late teens and an invalid who suffered much pain. In Alfred's babyhood a strange disease, which today probably would be diagnosed as infantile paralysis, had assailed him and he could not walk. He and his father had a deep affection for each other, and now almost for the first time in their lives, they were going to have a long holiday together.

The third person who eagerly awaited Ignacy Paderewski was Madame Helena Gorski, who, when Alfred was a little boy, had undertaken to look after him while his father was busy with his music. In their love for Alfred, Ignacy Paderewski and Helena Gorski had come to love each other, and it was their intention to make preparations for their marriage when the musician returned from this long tour.

It was a joyous homecoming. From Zhi-tomir Paderewski went to Switzerland, and there Alfred and Madame Gorski joined him. The three settled down to a happy, carefree life. Alfred had many books to read and his notebooks were full of poems he wanted to finish and read to his father. Perhaps they would be published later. Certainly Madame Gorski and Ignacy Paderewski thought they had rare quality of rhythm and theme. As for Paderewski, he had an important piece of work to do; he was going to write an opera entitled *Maryn*.

The days and weeks flew by. In May, 1899, Helena Gorski and Ignacy Paderewski were married in St. John's Cathedral at Warsaw, by Achilles Ratti, Vatican nuncio, who later became Pope Pius XI. *Manna* was finished and dispatched to Dresden where a concert manager had agreed to produce it—but before that longed-for event came to pass, death again robbed Ignacy Paderewski. First his father died; and then Alfred, his son.

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Attention,
GIRL SCOUTS!

Can somebody help us? In the June issue of *The American Girl* we printed (on the picture spread, page twenty-two) a photograph of a group of girls playing Ping-pong—and we want to locate another print of the same picture, as the original was accidentally destroyed. Does anybody have a print, or the negative? We'd be glad to pay for the print and to refund the postage.

The Editor

**SHE DIDN'T THINK ABOUT
COURAGE—SHE JUST DID
WHAT THERE WAS TO DO.
YOU'LL READ ABOUT HER**

in the

AUGUST ISSUE

Smoke Jumper, by Margaret McKay, introduces a brand-new field for fiction, the work of the Forest Service in Chelan National Forest which uses parachute fire-fighters when a blaze starts beyond the quick reach of ground crews. The "smoke jumpers" must find their own way out of the forest when their work is finished.



ROBERTA, ARLENE, AND BILL, COMING
IN THE GRAND STORY, "SMOKE JUMPER"

Also coming in August

Let's Be Catty, by Randolph Bartlett, an article about cats in which the author tells of his admiration for the feline family and cites numerous instances of clever deeds and valuable services performed by cats. If you call anybody "catty," says Mr. Bartlett, you are paying that person a high compliment. Illustrated with delightful photographs of handsome tabbies.

Judy Jessup—Good Soldier, by Elizabeth Honness, a story of a Girl Scout who gave up her summer fun to work for Uncle Sam. A startling adventure breaks into her life on the farm and gives Judy a chance to put her Girl Scout training to good use. This story is based on an incident which actually occurred.

Functional Swimming—an article on the new course developed by the Water Safety Service of the Red Cross during eighteen months' work with the armed forces. Training is desirable for prospective members of the women's branches of the service.

Frozen Desserts, by Helen Grigsby Doss, with recipes for those deliciously cooling sweet things we all love to slip over our tongues on hot days. Add these chilly delights to your collection of favorite recipes.



ONE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS FROM "LET'S
BE CATTY," AN ARTICLE COMING IN AUGUST

WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE

Jane Darrow, author of "Lady in Waiting," is in private life Mrs. Stephen Tallman and lives in South Orange, New Jersey. She has written for "Good Housekeeping" and "The Literary Digest," has several books to her credit, and is a member of "Listen to Me," the New Jersey authors' club. Her hobby and her pet peeve are both playwriting. Mrs. Tallman has three cats and a pet bluejay who all live in harmony. **Orson Lowell**, our cover artist for this month, is well known to American Girl readers. His cover designs, story illustrations, and cartoons, have enlivened the pages of this magazine for many years. Mr. Lowell began to draw at five, and an artist father made him draw the simple things around him every day—something Mr. Lowell says was a bore at the time, but proved of enormous value to his career. This artist's work has appeared in innumerable books and magazines, and his cartoons have been syndicated in newspapers all over the country. Mr. Lowell receives many letters from young admirers—a fact he greatly appreciates. **Helen Batcher**, author of "It All Comes Out in the Wash," was born in Stockton, California—her grandparents were forty-niners. She lives in an old stone house in Quakertown, Pennsylvania, which was once a station on the Underground Railroad. She runs a bookshop in Allentown, and her hobbies are

hooked rugs and collecting old furniture. **Antoni Gronowicz**, author of "Paderewski, Pianist and Patriot," is a native of Poland who won his government's award for literature. With the prize money, he came to America to study Americans of Polish origin and to write a novel about them. Mr. Gronowicz is a poet, a novelist, and a playwright, his most recently published book being a biography of Paderewski with the same title as the article in this issue. He knew the great man in Switzerland and in America, and grew up in the part of Poland which was Paderewski's birthplace. He has traveled extensively in Europe, chiefly as a correspondent for Polish newspapers, and has also written for the English press.



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